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Photos by M. Rosenfeld

"Miss America X," driven by Gar Wood, leading the diminutive "Miss Britain III," driven by Hubert Scott-Paine, on the St. Clair River at the start of the Harmsworth Race

The Harmsworth Cup Stays at Detroit

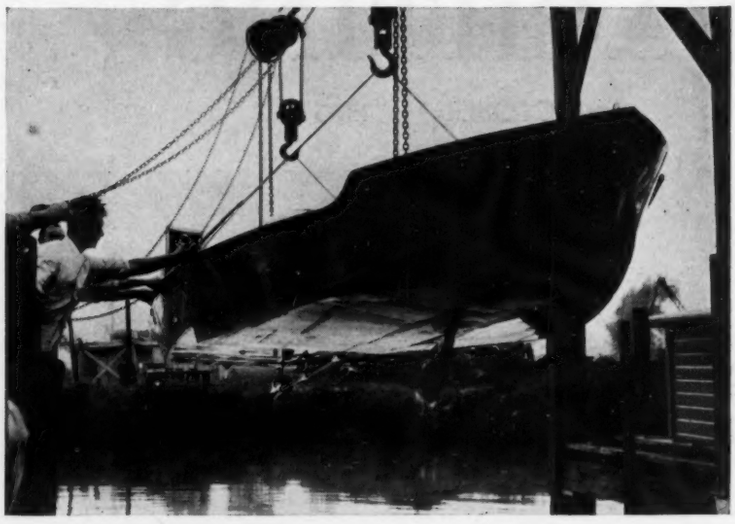
By HERBERT L. STONE

ONCE again a British bid for that "blue ribbon" emblematic of the highest speed afloat under power, the Harmsworth Cup, has been turned back by the perennial gray-haired defender, Gar Wood, with his masterful creation *Miss America X*. The challenge this year was considered to hold a greater threat than any since the cup was brought to the United States in 1920, largely because of the radical design of Hubert Scott-Paine's *Miss Britain III*, and the staking of success on low ratio of weight to horse power instead of on brute power alone. Also, considerable mystery surrounded the British boat, and mystery breeds rumor, and sometimes, fear. *Miss Britain* was said to have made one hundred miles per hour in the few trial runs she made before her arrival here — and one hundred miles an hour was several notches better than had ever been made in a Harmsworth Cup Race in the past. Also, her tuning up on this side of the Atlantic was carried out so as to give but little indication as to her real speed.

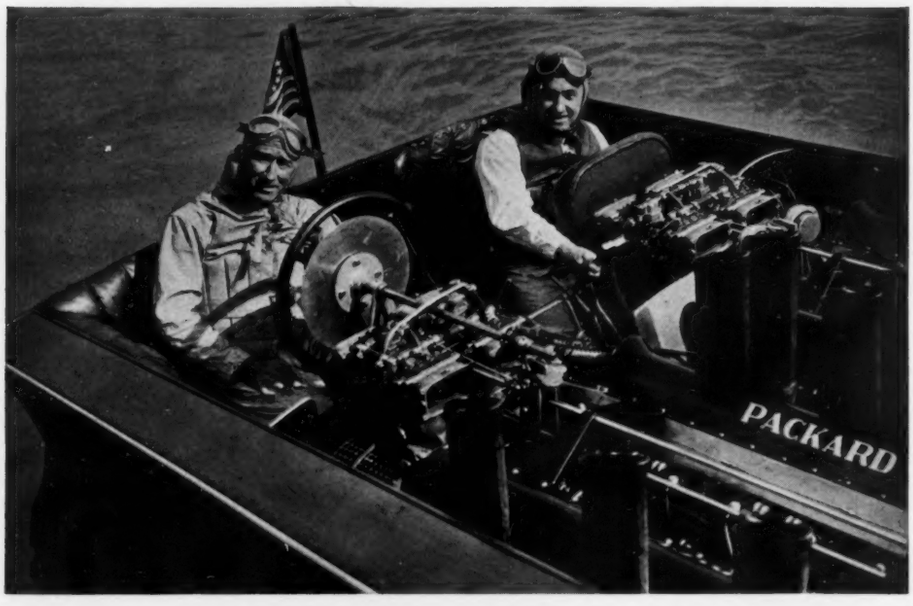
Therefore, when she appeared on the course on the St. Clair River above Algonac, Michigan, just before six o'clock of a calm, gray afternoon, the crowd of some two hundred thousand persons that had gathered on both banks, and which filled the largest fleet of pleasure boats ever collected in one place, had high expectations of at last seeing a real race. Water conditions were ideal. After two postponements — one a wait for the light southerly wind to go down, and another for the wash from moving craft to subside — everything was set for a battle royal.

Far down the course a white feather of spray indicated that *Miss America X* was out warming up and ready for the fray. From the opposite direction *Miss Britain III* shot into view, the dull gray of her aluminum alloy hull merging into the gray of water and sky. She cut in through the anchored boats in the center of the course and fell in behind the big defender without even a warming up run, and both boats opened up and shot for the line, now close at hand, just as the smoke of the starting gun drifted skyward. It was a perfect start, the two boats being lapped, with the nose of the defender showing slightly in front.

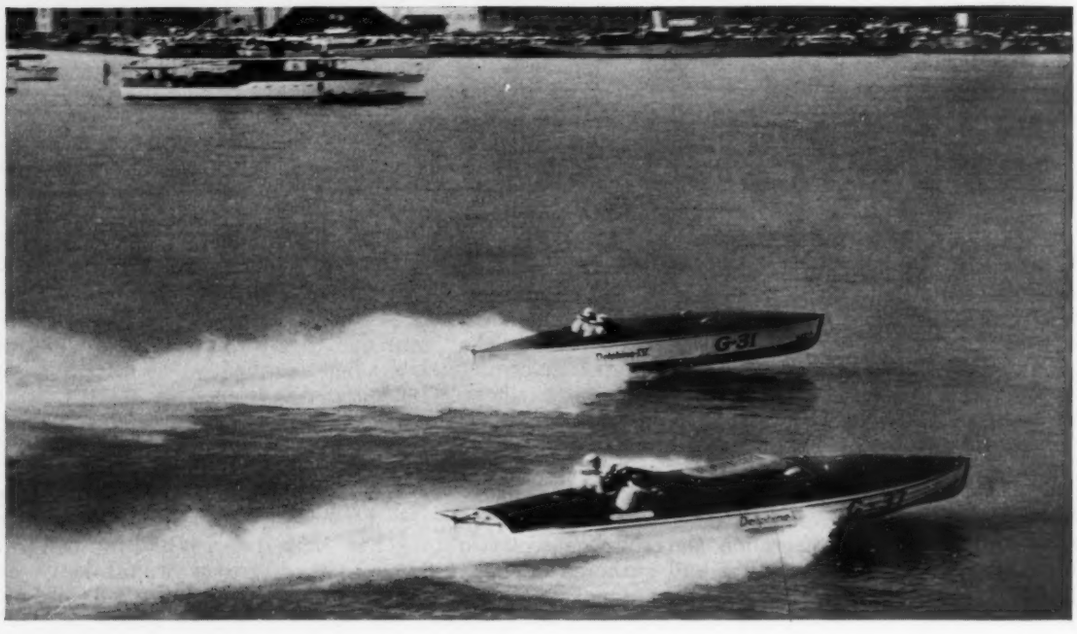
As they crossed the line, Gar opened his throttle and gave the four big Packard motors in *Miss America* the gas, determined at the start to test the challenger's speed. With a roar, his engines responded, and before the upper turn of the seven-nautical-mile lap was reached *Miss America* had jumped away from Britain's hope as a destroyer would leave a sub-chaser, and opened up a clear lead of some third of a mile. Down the



The outboard-like hull of "Miss Britain III," showing the single step, forward rudder, and single screw



Gar Wood, holder of the British International Trophy since 1920, and Orlin Johnson seated behind "Miss America's" four Packard engines which total 6400 h.p.



"Delphine IV," winner of the Gold Cup last year, took second this year, and "Delphine VII" (below) won the Dodge Memorial Trophy

back stretch they tore, both boats running level and motors hitting on all cylinders, the American defender gradually lengthening the open water between her and *Miss Britain*. As Wood flashed past the judges' stand at the end of the first lap, Scott-Paine was just getting straightened out after the last turn. In seven miles the American boat had beaten her rival by something over a mile. To all, it was apparent that the race was won, then and there. It was only a matter of by how great a distance. *Miss America's* speed for the seven miles was 88.052; *Miss Britain's* 66.039.

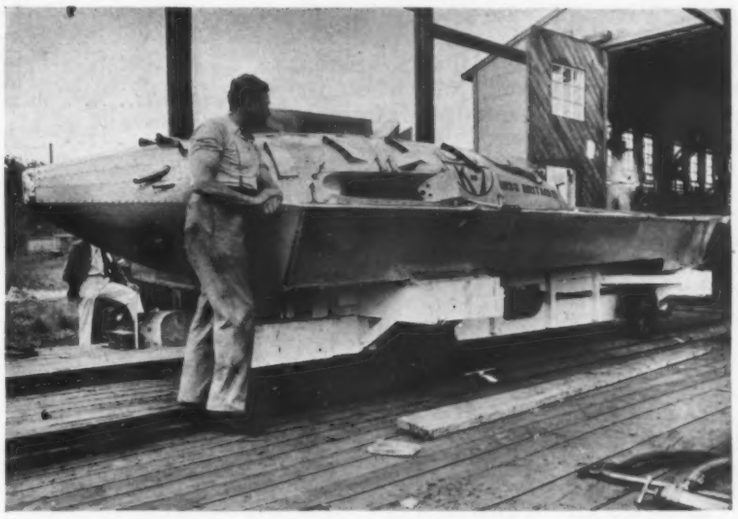
Miss Britain's engine sounded as if it were faltering a bit as she finished the first lap, but only momentarily. As it warmed to the pace, Scott-Paine opened up a bit, and she covered the next lap at the rate of 74.224 m.p.h. Gar Wood, however, seeing that he had the legs of his rival, shut down a bit and made only 85.08 on his second lap. At that, the distance between the two flying streaks of mahogany and metal had lengthened to a mile and a half, and it was only a procession thereafter.

Gradually, *Miss Britain III* increased her speed, her last lap being her best of the five, whereas *Miss America's* last round was her worst.

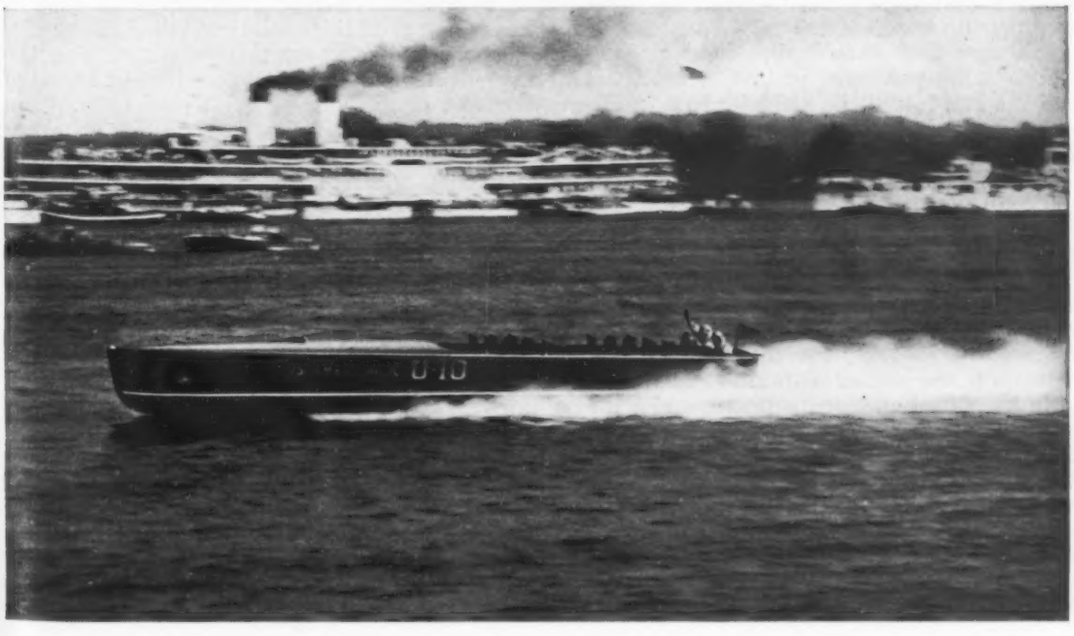
There was no need to push her, and she let the challenger close up a trifle at the end until there was, perhaps, only two miles of open water between them at the finish, and one minute and 31 seconds in time. And that was that! It was the old story repeated, except that the British challenger had run well and was going strong at the finish. She simply did not have the power or the speed. *Miss America's* 6400 h.p. in a 38-foot boat was better than her rival's 1375 h.p. in a lighter 24½-foot hull. Even the latter's expected superiority on the turns was not in evidence.

The second heat was not scheduled until Labor Day, September 4th. In the intervening two days Scott-Paine had replaced his engine, a Napier 12-cylinder, with a spare one of the same make. He wanted no chance of a breakdown.

Again there was a postponement of the start — first for thirty minutes, and then for another thirty. At last, everything was set for the start but the crowd. Either the fact that the course was some fifty miles from Detroit, or the ease of the victory the first day, kept the spectators away. There were miles of empty stands on both sides of the river and the fleet was much smaller than the one on the opening day.



A quarter view of "Miss Britain III" showing the tail of the motor fuselage. Hubert Scott-Paine, her owner and designer, is standing by



"El Lagarto," the eleven-year-old hydroplane owned and driven by George Reis, of Lake George, won the Gold Cup

"Miss America X" was never closely threatened by the British boat. Her fastest time for an entire heat was 86.937 m.p.h.

The water was good, but not quite as smooth as for the first heat. The visibility was better. Both drivers were a bit gun shy. Probably Gar Wood did not feel that the start was as all-important as it might have been the first day. At any rate, both were some 100 yards from the line at gunfire and *Miss Britain* was in the lead as they crossed, by a length of open water. Scott-Paine was pushing his boat from the start, but in spite of this, Wood came out of the first turn in the lead, and was soon giving the challenger his wake. This nearly brought *Miss Britain* to grief, for halfway down the back stretch she hit *Miss America's* broken water, careened sharply for an instant, as if about to capsize, and was brought back on her feet only when her driver cut the gas. By the time he opened up again he was out of the bad wash.

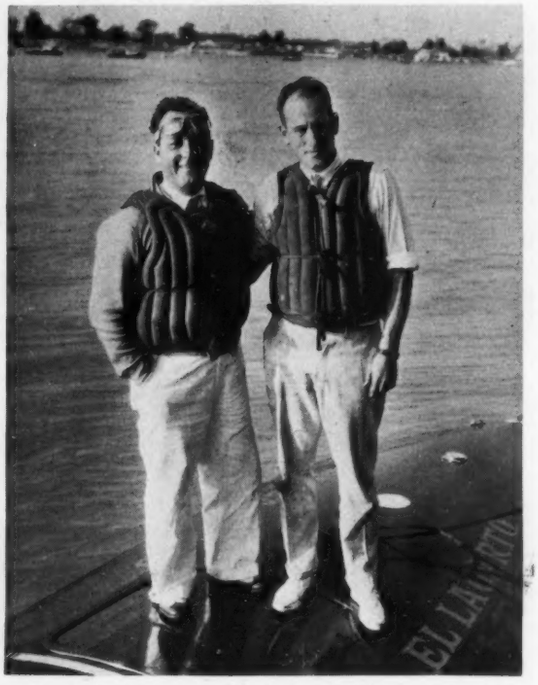
At the end of the lap *Miss America X* had a lead of nearly one-fourth of a mile. Her speed, however, was something over a mile less than that of her first lap in the preceding race. *Miss Britain's* was better, being at the rate of 81.845 statute miles per hour. Thereafter she did better still, gradually stepping up until she turned in figures of 87.215 for the last seven-mile lap, her best of the series. But Wood was too experienced a driver either to "run his head off" or to let the challenger get the lead again, and he timed his boat so as to keep a safe distance ahead, just enough to make a circus race of it. At the last turn he was barely 200 yards in the lead, but then he pumped the gas into the four mighty power plants, and roared down to the line in a proper grand stand finish. It was a thrilling sight, with only 22.33 seconds separating victor and vanquished, but everyone knew that the big mahogany racer had at least another ten miles an hour up her sleeve.

Yet the little challenger had done well. She had averaged 85.789 statute miles per hour, against 78.449 in the first race, and she had forced the defender to do 86.937 m.p.h. to win, a speed that has been bettered only once in competition. This was in the Harmsworth Race of 1931 when *Miss England II* made 89.913 m.p.h. in the only heat she completed. Also, *Miss Britain III* had the honor of being the first challenger since 1920 to complete both heats. She never faltered throughout the two heats and was "going strong" at the finish — in itself something of a record. Her stocky, sandy-haired driver came up to the stand after the finish, with a broad grin on his face, to congratulate the winner, satisfied with his attempt in the second heat. He viewed this year's attempt in the nature of an experiment, and in the hope of doing well enough to obtain more powerful motors for a future attempt. His satisfaction, therefore, was justified. While he failed to lift the cup, he did better than any other challenger, from Great Britain, or elsewhere, has done in thirteen years. More power to him in his next attempt.

Here is the lap score of the two heats, in speeds of statute miles per hour.

	1st Lap	2nd Lap	3rd Lap	4th Lap	5th Lap	Race
First Race						
Miss America X	88.052	85.085	82.918	80.183	77.124	82.498
Miss Britain III	66.039	74.224	80.795	79.017	82.265	78.449
Second Race						
Miss America X	86.946	84.509	89.339*	84.584	87.822	86.937
Miss Britain III	81.845	86.738	86.500	86.891	87.215	85.789

* Fastest lap.



George Reis, owner and driver of "El Lagarto," and Dick Bowers, his mechanic

The Gold Cup Race

The regatta at Detroit, of which the Harmsworth Cup contest was a part, started on September 1st with the race for the historic Gold Cup, which was taken to Detroit last year by Horace Dodge's *Delphine IV* as a result of her victory on Lake Montauk. The challenger this year was George Reis, of the Lake George Club, who entered his *El Lagarto*, a veteran campaigner designed by Hacker eleven years ago, which, in the capable hands of her owner, has been brought up to winning form again.

To defend the cup Dodge entered five of his fleet of six racing craft, all bearing the name *Delphine*, one being the new *Delphine IX* recently built from designs by Fred Cooper, a well-known British naval architect. Of these five, only four actually started the long 90-mile grind, run in three heats of 30 miles each. These were *Delphine IV*, *VI*, *VII*, and *IX*. Outside entries were the old *Hotsy Totsy*, driven by Victor Kleisrath and representing the new South Bend Yacht Club, and Jack Rutherford's *Imp II*. The races were run on the Detroit River, starting off the Detroit Yacht Club.

Under perfect weather conditions, with smooth water, the seven sleek racers appeared on the course to warm up a few minutes before the start of the first heat. Not to be caught napping, and not liking the prospect of riding in the wake of one or all of the Dodge fleet, Reis shot *El Lagarto* at the line and hit it with the flash of the gun, in the lead, a position he never relinquished during the heat. Driven at a record-breaking pace to keep ahead of Horn, who was piloting *Delphine IV*, *El Lagarto* ran without a whimper for lap after lap, stalling off every challenge made by either *Delphine IV* or *Delphine VI*, the only two boats which really pressed the Lake George flyer. So hard was she pushed that she had to break the heat record for Gold Cup competition, and hung up a speed of 60.866 m.p.h.

Casualties were high in this heat, only four boats surviving. *Imp* died a natural death on the first lap with a broken connecting rod, and Kliesrath was forced out on the second when *Hotsy Totsy* lost her oil pressure. *Delphine VI*, with Ericson at the wheel, ran her head off for four laps and then broke a connecting rod. Four out of seven left!

The second heat found only these four ready to resume the fray. *El Lagarto* again repeated her performance, and except for a brief moment when Bill Horn drove *Delphine IV* to the front, she led throughout. *Delphine VII*, driven by Dodge's sister, Mrs. Baker, finished third, only 28 seconds behind the winner. Dodge himself was

(Continued on page 90)

Two Hundred A Day

By

ALFRED F. LOOMIS

Seaf Camera News

On her Transatlantic passage "Brilliant" ran 1077 nautical miles in five consecutive days' sailing — a record for a vessel only fifty feet long on the water Below. Dead before it, with the author's favorite sail, the squaresail, which she had little chance to use on the passage

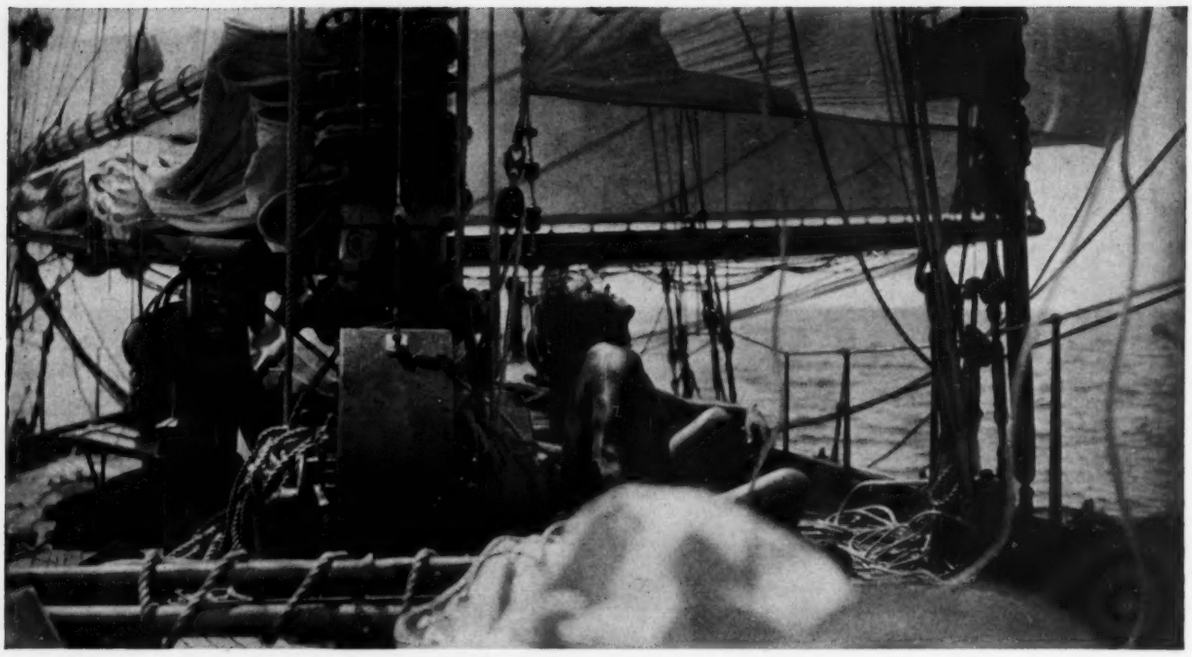
I THINK it was the second and last time we got the mainsail off her and settled down for a night of strong south wind and heavy rain that we began to accuse the owner of the *Brilliant* of having lured us to sea under false pretenses.

"Look here," we said, or, perhaps, I said it, because I have a happy knack of relieving the helm and airing my opinions when sail drill commences. "Look here," I repeated, "you told us that when we got off soundings we'd be fanned by ocean breezes. You said we'd set the dad-blasted squaresail and scud before the prevailing westerlies, lulled by the prevailing music of Lank's accordion, and tanned by the warm rays of the prevailing sun. You said this was going to be a leisurely cruise for indigent old gentlemen, and now look at it — southerly squalls swooping up from the Antarctic, Gulf Stream temperature fifteen degrees below normal, misery, discomfort, and hard work. Leisurely cruise, me eye!"

That stopped Walter Barnum, kind owner and resourceful skipper of the *Brilliant*, who turned on us in outraged indignation. "This isn't my ocean," he shouted above the herming (thanks, and pardon, Fritz) of the 50-mile catspaw. "This is your damned old ocean, you decadent relic of the Spanish race, and Lank Ford's ocean, and Joe Appleton's ocean. All you hardened but decrepit veterans of Transatlantic racing told *me* about the soft westerlies, and the flying fish for breakfast, and the Portygee men-o'-war tacking down wind. I'd make you eat your words if I didn't know that you, Alf, would get even by spitting 'em up again."

That held me until they had the trysail on her and I could go below feeling that I hadn't shirked my duty. Chocked off in the navigator's parlor of the *Brilliant*, I began studying the wind roses on the pilot chart and came within a yard or so of a definite conclusion. Which was, that you can't always tell.

The truth is that in the *Pinta* in the race of '28 we



Watching the balloon staysail do its stuff

had westerlies almost from the moment of entering the Stream, and carried them for near a fortnight, only jibing (did I mean "only" when jibing involved shifting golliwobbler, ballooner, spinnaker, boom tackle, backstay and preventer?) from one tack to the other as the wind veered north or south of west. And it is equally the truth that the *Skâl*, in which Appleton raced to Plymouth in '31, carried westerlies seven-eighths of the way across. But we in the *Brilliant* had been finding southerlies for two days, with more than a little easting in them, and this had long ceased to be a pleasure cruise for tired old men.

We harped on that for two days more, we weary salts whose composite age, not excluding the nineteen years of the Old Man's son, averaged up to forty and a half — and we complained bitterly of the cold and rain as the southerly, with still more easting in it, forced us north into the frigid waters of the counter current.

Then, on the twentieth of June, when we were six days and 960 miles out of City Island, I set down the noon position and found that we had made good 211 miles in a few minutes under twenty-four hours. We had done it under working canvas, and for four hours or so of the twenty-four the wind had been abaft the beam, working us in gradually, we thought, to the joys to come. Moreover, we had been overhauled by the steamer *Georgic* which had promised to report us to the *Herald Tribune*. And as I had taken the precaution of leaving my own sextant at home, I was becoming somewhat inured to snapping sights with my back to rainbows. The goose hung high. Also, the last of the ice melted and the last of the poultry went overboard, the association of ideas being fairly obvious.

Yet the time had not come for us to tell the Old Man that we old codgers had regained our second childhood and that we were fit to hang a few fancy rags on the packet. That time came after a 160-mile day's run marred by a soft spell, and featured by a puff from the north that caught us aback and gave *Brilliant* a chance to catch her breath before the southerly returned with doubled vigor. It blew pretty hard that next day and we logged 223 and made good 220 by observation. Hmmm! Not bad going for a teak-built, under-canvased schooner displacing 46 tons and designed exclusively for cruising. For cruising, in fact, with old dodderers like Fred Bradley and Graham Biglow, and those previously named whom the Old Man had invited for a pleasure sail. Perhaps, we thought, if we gave the old girl her head she would show us something.

With that thought we sprang our surprise on the skipper. Appleton had brought along the noon positions of the contenders in the Plymouth race of '31 and I had plotted those of *Dorade* and *Mistress* on my track chart. Would the kind custodian of our floating home (I asked politely) be interested to know that on noon of the eighth day we were about even with the *Dorade* and a good day's run ahead of the *Mistress*, entirely disregarding the fact that we had started 120 miles to westward of them? He took the news at a moment when a nice hot beef curry was diffusing its warmth through his system and when the southerly wind was showing faint signs of moderating, and a pensive light came into his eyes.

"Olin Stephens," said he, "designed both the *Dorade* and the *Brilliant* but while he loves the *Dorade* he has the misguided notion that the *Brilliant* needs a gale of wind to move her. Navigator, what does your automatic hypothetical wind gauge say we're getting now?"

"Twenty miles an hour," said I. "Maybe eighteen, but we're a long ways from home and I have a wife and four children praying —"

"Not a word more," said the Old Man, sternly. "Boys, set the guinea, and be damned quick about it."

Before going up Lank set aside his accordion, on which he had been playing "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and took a look at the many-tracked chart. "At this point, Skipper," said he, guilelessly, "the *Pinta* was only a little way behind us, and her next day's run was nearly 200 miles. She was moving."

"All right, boys," shouted the Old Man from the depths of the sailbin, "we'll put a couple of topsails on her. Who said this was a cruise for tired old loafers?"

So, as the chanteymen sang and heaved on deck, I worked a few day-old sights to keep my hand in. The old racing spirit.

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Now, note the figures that follow, because unless I miss my guess there is a stimulus native to the readers of YACHTING that makes them responsive to any attempt to equal a sailing record. We had had a good day — 211 miles — followed by a poor one — 160 miles — and succeeded in turn by another good one — 220. If it hadn't been for that intervening poor day we would, at noon of June 22nd, have been in a fair way to equal the record established by Claud Worth in his yawl *Tern IV*. That record consisted of 1020 miles in five consecutive days. An average of 204 miles a day for five days is more than pretty good. It means an average of better than eight and one-half knots over the ground for nearly 120 hours. In the case of the noted English yachtsman, speed over the ground was virtually identical with speed through the water, for, in rounding out a circling cruise from the Azores he finished hundreds of leagues east of the powerful set of the Gulf Stream.

In *Brilliant*, we were temporarily out of the influence of the Stream. We had crossed the longitude of the Grand Banks about seventy miles below their southern extremity, and both by the temperature of the water and by the disparity between miles made good (220) and miles logged by an extremely accurate log (223) we were feeling the retarding effect of the southwest-going Labrador Current. Our course would eventually take us back into the Stream, where we might expect a little easterly set, but for the next day or so in our attempt to equal Worth's record we must get along without benefit of current. And the wind was lightening; slowly, almost imperceptibly moderating from a fresh breeze to a gentle breeze.

This unpredicted southerly was blowing from a point or so forward of the starboard beam, giving us no opportunity to set the golly (that grand excuse for the schooner rig) or the spinnaker — that noble expression of the joy and art of sailing. If we did anything it would have to be done with three working sails plus the guinea, the fisherman, and the main topsail — that devastating indictment of the gaff-headed rig. It would be done, I must admit, on an easy reach, almost the best point of a schooner's sailing, but it would be done under conditions inducing none of the refinements of ocean racing. But that was that.

When we set the guinea the orders were that we would carry it till dark. If, at sunset, there were Godawful clouds in the south or west we would recall that we were a bunch of old gents out for rest and recreation. But a funny thing happened. We weren't very far north and it was a dark period of the moon. Yet it never got dark that night. When the Old Man turned in for his watch below at eight (leaving no night orders on the book) it was broad daylight. When Bradley, our mate, knocked off at midnight there was still a bright glow in the north. Before Biglow, our musical second, had been on deck many minutes in the graveyard watch the new day dawned. Or so I am informed. I rolled out at seven, and there

A quiet sunrise in the English Channel — the quietus on "Brilliant's" hope of a record passage.
Top. The Old Guard never surrenders. "Lank" Ford, veteran of many ocean passages

was the sun eager to check up on what the guinea had given us during the jeezily small hours. There had been consecutive hours when we had logged ten knots. Our day's loggage totted up to 211 miles and our day's run carried forward to noon from a mid-morning fix gave us 210 miles. So now, even with the handicap of the 160-mile day, we were in a fair way to breaking a thousand for five days. If the wind held — but who, we asked one another, had ever heard of a southerly wind holding for six days as it had already done, and then one day more? It was too much to expect.

By this time *Brilliant* was halfway to England and going down hill. A southwest swell which had been coming up under our starboard quarter for a week, despite the invariability of the southerly breeze, was pushing her on her way. Her six sails stayed fast asleep, and by the ventriloquism of a good sailboat snored in the rush of water in her lee. She moved. In the twelve hours from noon to midnight of the twenty-third she logged 119½ miles. That came so close to an average of ten knots that even a conscientious navigator could forget the difference. It was faster than I, for one, had ever sailed through the water for an equal number of hours. Noon, with its disappointing subtraction of twenty-one minutes for reduced longitude, gave us a logged run of 230 miles and a run by observation of 231 miles. We were over the top. One mile of current to the good. Two hundred and thirty miles *sailed* in a force four wind. In five consecutive days we had cracked a thousand to the tune of 1032 miles.

Let me dwell on this a moment, for such glories are sometimes fleeting. *Dorade*, in her epoch-making passage of '31, had made good 1013 miles in five days — a marvelous achievement for a boat of 37-foot waterline length. On two of those five days she had fallen below 200, but her runs on the other three had more than made up the 200-mile average. She had not equaled *Tern IV's* record, in which, also, two of the runs had fallen short of the magical 200 figure. We had surpassed *Dorade* by 19 miles and *Tern* by 12, but we had that measly 160-mile day to depreciate *Brilliant's* valiant effort. And the future offered no rosy hopes. If we were to be lucky enough to add one more good run we must subtract another good one from the other end, still leaving the 160 miles to be reckoned with.

And the wind, in case it has slipped the memory, hung in the south, now a point forward of the beam, now a point abaft it, never giving us a chance to set our kites, never blowing more than 25 miles an hour — always, it seemed to us, threatening to peter out.

We were by now in Latitude 46, slanting higher all the while, and giving us some legitimate excuse for luminous nights. The guinea that we had set with so many trepidations was forgotten except as a shift of wind or alterations of course made us winch in or ease off its double sheets. The fisherman — always a delight even to a hardened single-sticker like me — did its willing best, and there were long periods of time when I was forced to admit that a proper trim of the main topsail was not ruining the draft of the mainsail. We kept moving, and our next day's run by observation amounted to 214 miles. A total, now, of 1035 miles in five consecutive days. If we could only keep it up for one day more, eliminating that 160-miler from our calculations!

By this time the wind was really softening. Not so the rain. We had looked for warm, clear westerlies, and we had got cold, rainy southerlies, more, colder, and penetratinger rain than any of us had ever experienced, day after night, night after day. By day the sun contrived to shine when it was on the prime vertical, when it bore about 120 degrees, and for a few brief instants 'round and about noon. In between it hid.

A new day came in, the crucial new day which crossed that 160-mile run from our reckoning and which would give us or forever take away from us that record which, to the best of my knowledge, no boat of *Brilliant's* dimensions had ever achieved — five consecutive days at 200 miles or better. That day of all others the sun refused to shine at a time when its azimuth would give us longitude. It gave us our latitude at noon, but as our miles were being accumulated to the east I didn't give a hoot for latitude. I wanted longitude to fix the exact mileage of our run. I had to get along without it.

It was a pretty problem in intellectual honesty — the determination of that day's D.R. position. The log read 199 from the previous noon. I wanted another mile. But before condemning me as one who obtained it fraudulently, attend carefully to what I say. We had now reached Latitude 48–13 N., Longitude 25–33 W., and according to a detailed current analysis which is published now and then on the reverse side of the *North Atlantic Pilot Chart* there is an average easterly set amounting to seven miles a day in this part of the ocean. I took less than half of the ascertained average set and added it to our logged mileage of 199, giving us an official run of 202. On the succeeding day (192 miles from this D.R. position), when the sun was bright, my observed position was 15 miles ahead (to eastward) of my dead reckoning. It is obvious, therefore, that in the two days intervening between morning sights for longitude we had been set 18 miles along our course. It is at the very least a fair assumption that three miles of that set occurred on the day when we needed it to better 200. (Lay readers may wonder at my excessive particularity but navigators will recognize the earmarks of an old New England conscience.)

In any event, there *Brilliant's* achievement stood — five days at an average of more than 215 miles a day — 1077 miles in all. We had beaten Claud Worth's record in *Tern IV*, whose overall and waterline length of 62 and 49 feet are *Brilliant's* precise designed dimensions, by 57 miles. And he had made his record in a gale of wind with squaresail set, and had reasonably and justifiably implied in his *Yacht Navigation and Voyaging* that it could not be equalled otherwise. How these dad-blasted squaresails keep cropping up to annoy me! *Brilliant's* really excellent squaresail was in the bag where it belonged, while for five days the beam wind averaged not a tenth more than 25 miles an hour and *Brilliant* herself averaged better than 9 knots. Not very mouldy for a cruising boat of short rig provisioned and equipped for a month at sea.

Thus *Brilliant* accomplished the incredible, and as she snored along and followed her five exceptional days with a run eight miles short of 200 I got out a pencil and began figuring. She had, I found, broken a variety of records — every one, in fact, with the exception of *Pinta's* phenomenal day's run of 253 miles in the heart of the Gulf Stream current. *Brilliant* had made good 1430 miles in a week; she had, with a total of 1801 miles, averaged 200 miles a day for nine days; she had sailed 1976 miles in ten days at an average speed of 8.33 knots.

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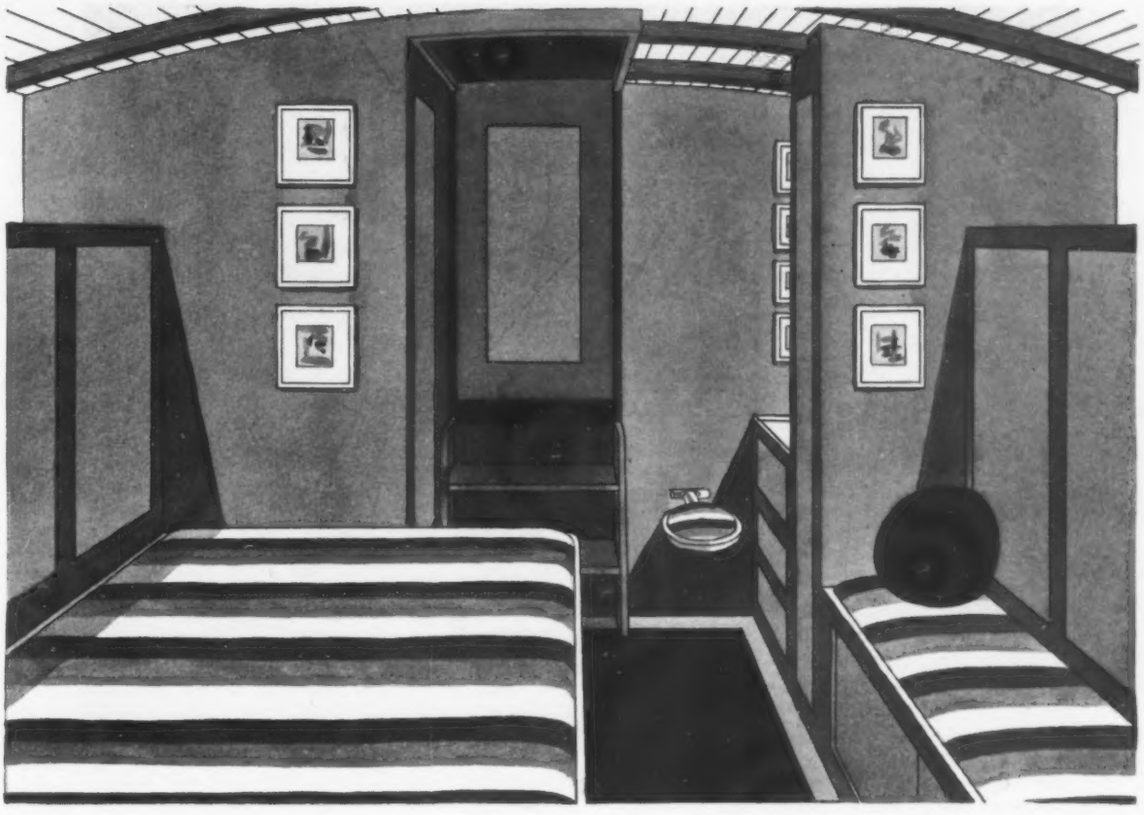
But she who had slid so swiftly over the southwest rollers for so many days was undeniably slowing down. A northeasterly swell, betokening a change of weather ahead, filled us with grave doubts. We had evidently carried the southern fringe of a low four-fifths of the way across the Atlantic. The barometer slowly rose and

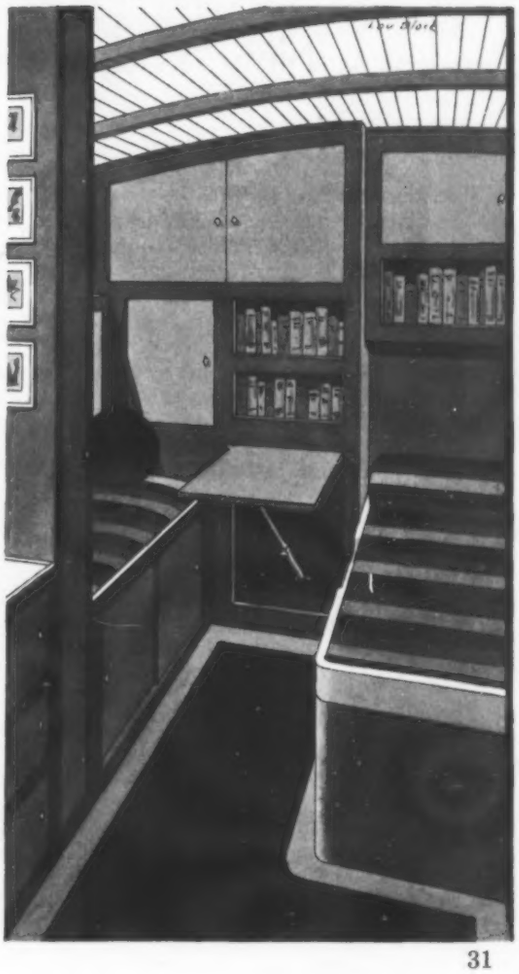
(*Continued on page 82*)



Going Modern

IV. Applying Functional Principles to the Interior Design of a 45-Foot Power Cruiser

By LOU BLOCK



THE functional use of space below, with which this series is concerned, may be advantageously applied to the larger classes of power cruisers. Greater beam and floor space permit planning of custom-built arrangements sufficiently varied to meet the needs of any owner. The same appliances for comfort which go into planning a home ashore can be used on board a cruiser. The numerous standard accessories now available have quite disposed of the era of forced or voluntary discomfort on a small boat. The man on deck is perforce a seaman, but that should not prevent his cabins below from reflecting a softer inclination.

The drawings on this page illustrate the forward and after aspects of the owner's stateroom on a 45-footer. The division of space is based on a purely functional intention which attempts to provide every possible convenience. More than likely, the owner of a cruiser in this class will make lengthy trips and spend a great deal of time on board. The various units incorporated into these designs enable him to carry along many of the personal requirements which are, almost automatically, integral features of his home ashore. Every effort is made to avoid the inclusion of devices which have a doubtful utilitarian value. The cabinet work is simple, and each fitting has an immediate use.

The unit on the forward bulkhead contains, in addition to open bookshelves and lockers of various proportions, a panel which can be raised and supported by an adjustable metal rod, forming a table. The bed and settee are each flanked by units which can be

(*Continued on page 92*)

Photos by M. Rosenfeld

"Weetamoe," owned by Frederick H. Prince and sailed by Harold Vanderbilt, and "Vanitie," now in her twentieth season, divided honors, each winning four of their eight races. "Vanitie" took the King's Cup

New York Yacht Club Has Foggy Cruise

Good Racing Enjoyed in Spite of Light Breezes

IT IS claimed that the weather is the most important factor in the success or failure of any cruise. Certainly this is the case in a racing cruise such as the big annual event of the New York Yacht Club. This year, with the cruise scheduled for mid-August, the brand of weather the fleet met was none too propitious, there being a super-abundance of fog, rain and cloudy weather. Yet in spite of these handicaps, and a preponderance of light breezes, the racing was good and those who sailed on the thirty or more competing yachts came home with the feeling that they had had a grand time, that the racing was above the average and that they had put more water under their keels (as well as having wrung considerable from their socks) than in the average run of New York Yacht Club cruises. No races had to be called off for lack of wind, and except in two cases the finishes were early enough to get snugged down in time for a not too-belated dinner.

The itinerary this year was an ambitious one that took the fleet around Cape Cod and called for a visit to the home of Massachusetts' sacred cod, Gloucester. But owing to the slow 77-mile run from Vineyard Haven to Provincetown and the consequent late hour of arrival at the Cape Cod port, the race from there to Gloucester the following day was cancelled and a well-earned rest was given the tired sailors, most of whom had been out all night — or the better part of it. So this made Marblehead the farthest east that the fleet reached, and left the visit to the Cape Ann fishing port for some future cruise.

Of the eight days on which there was racing, no less than five found fog enveloping the fleet and shutting out buoys and headlands, or else saw rain that made it necessary to break out oilskins. While the other three days saw good weather, or at the worst, cloudy, there was not on any day a fine true breeze of rail strength throughout the race. And yet nearly all of the fleet finished under sail each day, although on several occasions some of the skippers had to go wind hunting — generally without success.

The winds, on the whole, favored the larger yachts when it came to the matter of winning the various squadron runs, and all the prizes for these six events were divided among five boats. The Twelve-Metre *Cantitoe*, under charter to Van S. Merle-Smith and J. Seward Johnson, proved the sensation of the cruise when it came to collecting silverware. She took the Vice Commodore's Cup, the Navy Alumni Cup, the Navy Challenge Cup, all for squadron runs, and won two firsts in her class besides. The only races she lost were one to *Mouette*, on the run from Marblehead to the Cape Cod Canal entrance, and the Astor Cup, which went to her class competitor *Iris*, sailed by Olin Stephens and Drake Sparkman.

The America's Cup Class sloops *Weetamoe* and *Vanitie* had some interesting racing, but they collected less than their share of the squadron prizes this year. *Weetamoe*, owned by Frederick H. Prince, and sailed in most of the races by Harold S. Vanderbilt, had a hard nut to crack in Gerard Lambert's *Vanite*, now in her

The start of the Astor Cup race off Newport. "Iris," saving her time on "Vanitie," won by a few seconds. Below, "Jigtime," an Eight-Metre, one of the smallest boats in the racing fleet

Above, "Iris," a Twelve-Metre sailed by Olin Stephens and Drake Sparkman, won the Astor Cup. At left, the start of one of the racing divisions off New London where a fleet of some thirty boats came to the line

Top. The battle of Race Rock where the tide took charge, sweeping some of the entries back into the Sound. Above, "Cantitoe," sailed by Van S. Merle-Smith and J. Seward Johnson, was the outstanding winner during the Cruise

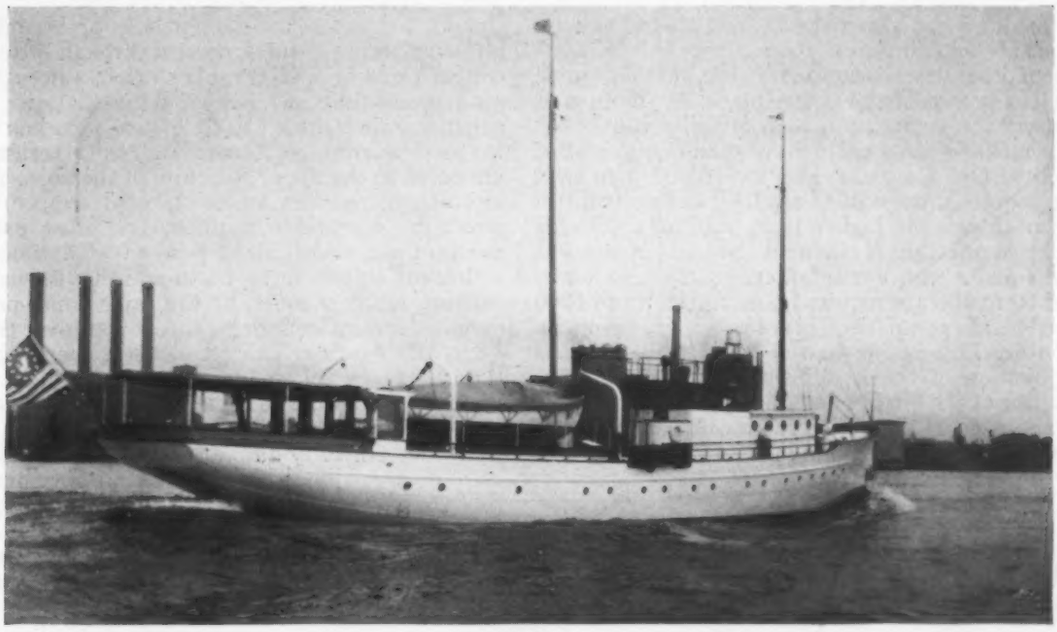
twentieth season, each beating the other four times. *Weetamoe* took the Commodore's Cup for the long run from the Vineyard to Provincetown as well as class prizes on three other of the port-to-port jaunts. However, *Vanitie* won the Rear Commodore's Cup on the last run from Wing's Neck to Newport, and took the King's Cup the next day when she handed her newer rival a beating by a quarter of an hour. She also was second to *Iris* in the Astor Cup match, losing out by only 40 seconds and beating *Weetamoe* by over two minutes.

In the schooner class Harold W. Brooks' *Mary Rose* had things her own way and took all the special silverware for the squadron runs except the Vice-Commodore's Cup, which went to B. D. Barker's Marblehead schooner *Flytie*.

There were between fifty and sixty yachts, both sail and power, at anchor in New London harbor, where the Thames empties into the sea, when a gun from the flagship *Winchester* announced that Commodore Junius S. Morgan had taken command. It was a most creditable showing, considering the uncertainties of the times, and more than half of the assembled fleet were there to race, including a dozen or so in the cruising class, which was a good sign.

A harbor start at eight-thirty the next morning gave the Race Committee, Edmund Lang, E. Vail Stebbins, and R. N. Bavier, a chance to start the racers an hour later on the run of 37½ miles to Newport. There was a light northerly at the time, and fine clear weather. A most auspicious start. It was not long, however, before the fleet ran into trouble. Evidently the schedule of the cruise was made without reference to the tide tables, for when the first yachts reached Race Rock they found a strong head tide running like a mill race, which, in the rapidly fading breeze, swept the boats back up the Sound as soon as they left the eddy back of Fisher's Island. Soon there was a grand mess of yachts around the light, trying to work the eddies, while skippers turned gray-haired and crews swore. The cruising classes and the smaller boats found themselves for once ahead of the Cup yachts, only to be swept violently back after thinking they had weathered Race Rock. Then they would attempt it again, one by one, working the eddies, only to be turned back by the relentless tide. With the help of local tidal knowledge the "Twelve" *Iris* was first to get past, and as the breeze strengthened in the afternoon the others got moving and eventually all got by. But for a while it was a great battle of wits against tide and wind, and many a chance (and reputation) was ruined at that spot. Thereafter, a light southeast breeze made late finishes

(Continued on page 86)



A complete Diesel yacht. The 120-foot "Arminia" has Diesel motors, Diesel generating sets, and even the power launch is equipped with an 8 horsepower Diesel motor

Diesel Installation in Moderate Sizes

Some of the Arguments For and Against Its Use in the Smaller Cruisers

By J. TRUMPY, N. A.

A FEW years ago the yachtsman faced with the task of selecting a suitable power plant for his contemplated cruiser had no choice but the gasoline motor. The question then was limited to the selection of a power plant suitable to hull and pocketbook. Today, however, the situation is quite different. In all probability, most yachtsmen have not only heard and read of Diesel engines, but have doubtless inspected or cruised on a Diesel-powered yacht. For most of the power cruisers over one hundred feet in length built in the past five or six years are so equipped, and, more recently, many of the smaller craft have been Diesel-powered. Furthermore, Diesel motors are being installed in auxiliary yachts of fifty feet length and upward.

As a designer and builder of a good many modern gasoline-powered yachts, and, recently (before the depression), of some thirty or more Diesel-equipped yachts, I shall endeavor, without going into highly technical details, to analyze those points of Diesel engine operation, pro and con, in which the average yachtsman will be particularly interested.

To my mind, the first point to be considered in the selection of a power plant is safety from fire and explosion. And here the choice is unquestionably in favor of the Diesel motor, especially when the yacht is large enough to permit the use of Diesel generating sets. For full elimination of fire hazard can be obtained only by complete absence of gasoline below deck; this has been, and still is, difficult in the medium-sized yacht.

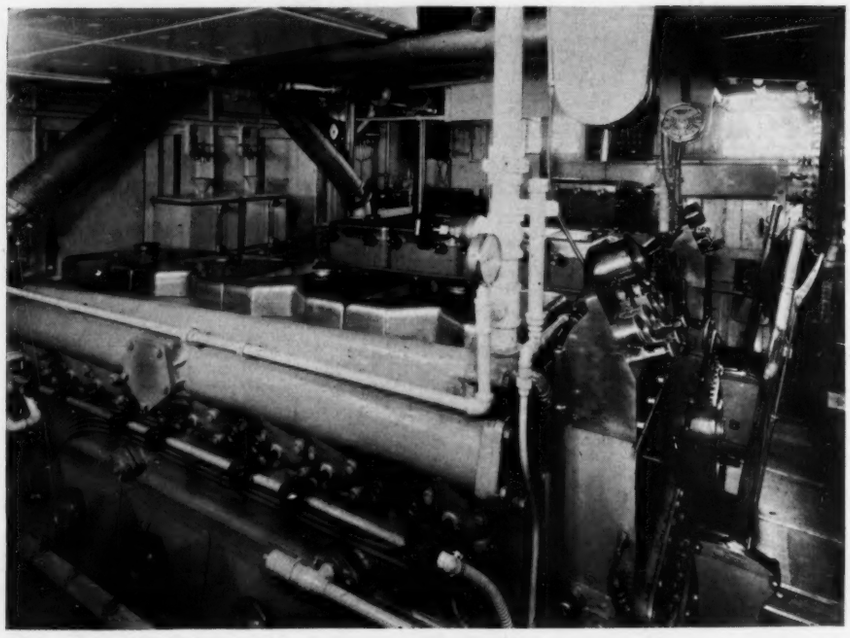
In the smaller cruiser, where electricity is required for light only, a large size starting battery and a proportionately larger generator on the main engine will answer the purpose; but when the requirements of the medium sized cruiser call for electrically operated pumps, water service, refrigeration, and so on, separate generating sets of from 5 k.w. to 10 k.w. are necessary, and most of the Diesel sets of this capacity on the market today are not comparable with the highly efficient, smooth-running gasoline sets. So we must choose between the somewhat rough-running Diesel set, or the possible fire hazard of the smoothly operating gasoline set. The gasoline supply can, of course, be carried on deck, and careful installation and handling will reduce danger to a minimum.

In the larger cruisers, where 15 k.w. and upwards is required, we are in a somewhat better position, and the installation of Diesel generating sets that give smooth operation can be easily accomplished. Gasoline for the launches is still a necessity even on large Diesel yachts, but the gasoline supply can be carried on the weather deck where it is comparatively safe. In this practice the 120-foot Diesel yacht *Arminia* is one of the few exceptions; her owner insisted on carrying absolutely no gasoline on board, and her 24-foot skiff was equipped with a 2-cylinder oil engine.

Even in Diesel-powered yachts, however, cautious handling of fuel oil is essential, and should at all times be given due consideration. Just because the fumes from the heavier oil are not as explosive as gasoline fumes, there is no excuse for dumping quantities of fuel

oil in the engine room bilge to be washed around as soon as the boat is shaken up in a sea.

The second question to consider is the purchase price and installation cost of the power plant. In the case of large cruisers the comparison is in favor of the Diesel engine. In medium-sized cruisers, where horsepowers of 100 to 300 with single screw, and 400 to 600 with twin screw are required, the cost of a Diesel engine will run from 10 to 15 percent higher than that of a gasoline motor. The comparison is made on the basis of straight drive and equal r.p.m. For small cruisers, where horsepowers of 60 to 100 are required, and r.p.m. up to 1200 is permissible, the comparison is not so favorable for the Diesel motor. This is due to the standardization and large production of the gasoline motors, whereas the manufacturer of the small Diesel has yet to find a large market, and a great deal of research and experimental work remains to be done before perfection is attained.



A fine Diesel installation. Two 300 h.p. Wintons and a 15 k.w. Diesel generating set (in the background) in the 120-foot houseboat "Truant"

The installation cost of the Diesel engine also runs higher than that of the gasoline motor as (particularly for the slower turning motors) the foundations must be given more consideration and strengthening members of steel should be used both fore and aft and athwartship.

The fuel oil and air starting systems, which are used practically by all manufacturers for engines of over 6-inch bore, and the direct reversible features of the larger motors, with numerous compressors and high pressure air tanks, are all items involving an additional cost over the simple gasoline motor installation.

The exhaust from Diesel motors should, by preference, be carried up through a stack, although stern exhausts, carried through water-jacketed copper pipes or special rubber exhaust hose, have been used successfully in fairly large installations. For stack exhausts, air-jacketed flexible steel pipe has been used to good advantage, thus eliminating transmission of vibration to the upper structure of the boat. This is also less expensive than water-jacketed copper pipe. The question of suitable mufflers for stack exhausts on medium and small Diesel power installations has been rather difficult to solve, as, in addition to silencing, the exhaust mufflers must, at the same time, prevent hot carbon deposits from being thrown out over the weather deck, awnings, etc. This condition is one which exists in the case of Diesel generating sets as well as in that of the main engines. The Maxim Silencer Company is now manufacturing a muffler which, it is claimed, will overcome this difficulty and, at the same time, give perfect silencing, as in gasoline engines.

We now come to the question of operating costs, and here the Diesel engine compares most advantageously. A few actual examples will illustrate this clearly.

Take, first, a small cruiser with 65 to 85 h.p. having an average cruising speed of 12 to 13 m.p.h. The fuel and lubricating oil for a Diesel engine would cost from 20 to 24 cents per hour, or, figuring on the high side, 2 cents per mile. For the same size gasoline plant the fuel consumption will be 5 to 6 gallons per hour. Adding the lubricating oil, the cost would run about 90 cents, or 7½ cents per mile. If we consider a 100-foot twin screw cruiser with two 200 h.p. motors, and a cruising speed of 14 m.p.h.,

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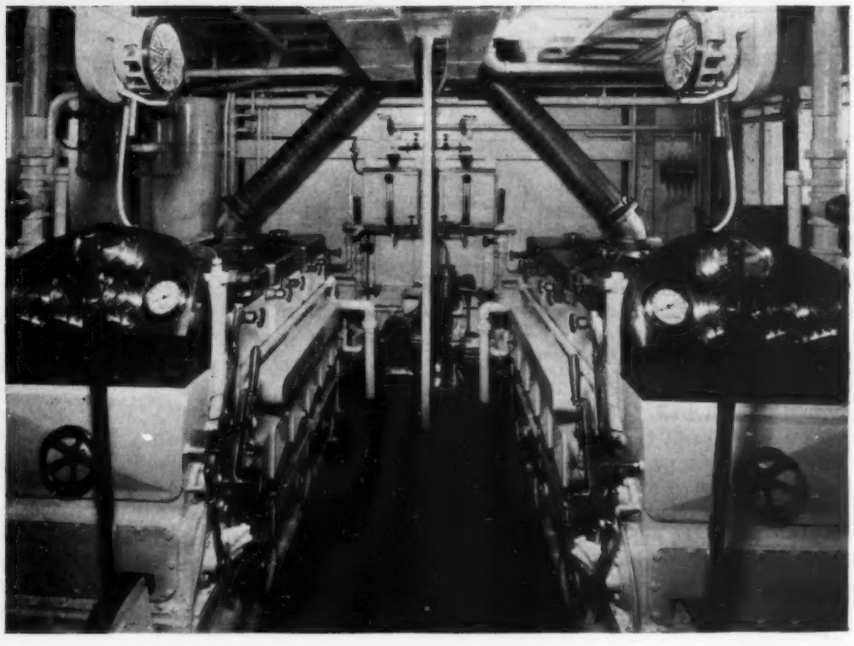


Two 200 h.p. Winton Diesel engines in the 108-foot houseboat cruiser "Verusselle." Note the air-jacketed exhaust pipes

Photos by W. C. Sawyer

"Endymion," followed by "Amorilla" and "Patolita," at the start of the final race for the larger yachts at the Santa Barbara regatta

The Southern California Championships

A Fleet of Fifty Boats Turns Out For Regatta off Santa Barbara

By WALDO DRAKE

EXACTLY fifty windjammers, in nine racing classes, participated in sailing events of the thirteenth annual Southern California regatta, held at Santa Barbara during the week of August 7th. Soft breezes and bright, sunlit skies lent added charm to Santa Barbara which nestles beneath towering mountains along blue Crescent Bay, but this weather brought no joy to the skippers whose boats fancied lustier winds.

As usual, the Six-Metre fleet held the center of interest, eight good boats answering the gun throughout the five-day series. Cyril Tobin's *Naiad*, ex-*Akaba*, of the St. Francis Yacht Club, San Francisco, easily defended her Southern California championship, with young Mike Casserly giving a sterling performance at her tiller. *Naiad* took three firsts and two seconds in five starts despite the consistently soft weather and was threatened by but one boat, Commodore Donald Douglas's Los Angeles champion *Gallant*, which, oddly, is also at her best in heavy going. Ted Conant sailed *Gallant* with perfect judgment in every race.

Third honors went to William A. Bartholomae, Jr's, *Mystery*, ex-*Figaro V*, of Newport Harbor. *Mystery*, though in her element in light weather, was unable to perform with the two leaders on the legs to windward. In five races, *Naiad* amassed 38¾ points; *Gallant*, 32½; and *Mystery*, 28.

Gallant and *Naiad* won all of the races, though there were numerous occasions, particularly on the two days when the fleet sailed the long windward-leeward course to Santa Barbara Point and return, when breaks of the weather snatched victory from other boats.

In the Eight-Metre division, competition was kept alive by the perennial duel between Commodore Owen P. Churchill's *Angelita* and the Burgess-designed *Santa Maria*, ex-*Babe*, owned and sailed by Pierpont Davis. *Santa Maria* won the opening race on Monday, sailed in a very light southwester, but after this auspicious beginning she lost all four remaining races to give *Angelita* her third successive championship. *Angelita* is decidedly a heavy-weather hack, but her crew handled huge Genoas and spinnakers with such smoothness that she was able to overcome this handicap by comfortable margins.

Santa Barbara race week is usually attended by at least thirty Star Class sloops, but this year the fleet was cut to eight entries, due chiefly to the fact that eliminations for the Internationals at Long Beach were scheduled for late August.

However, there was plenty of competition among the Stars which did appear and it was not until the final moments of the last race, on Friday, that H. L. "Hook" Beardslee knew that he and his *Moira* had won the title which was taken last season by another Newport boat, the Plumb Brothers' *West Wind*, which did not defend. *Moira* ended the five-race series with a total of 33½ points against 29¼ for young Billy Lyon and his *Vega II*, National Midwinter Champion, also from Newport. Dr. Niels Martin's *Phar-Lap*, Santa Barbara entry in the Internationals, took third with 29 points.

Glenn Waterhouse's lone San Francisco entry, *Three Star Too*, ended the week with a total of 28¼ points, despite voluntary disqualification in the third race, when her skipper reached out and touched a schooner as the two were rounding a weather mark. Following in standing were John Dickinson's *H.M.S. Pinafore;* Winsor Soule's *Barby II;* Alan Cram's *Skipper;* and J. J. Rockwell's *Amoeba*, which hails from Manila Bay.

Moira, after working up an apparently sure lead in the first three races, became ensnared in the kelp beds during the long beat up the coast on Thursday, worked free after the entire fleet had passed her by, and then managed to save the series by passing three boats before they reached the leeward mark.

The veteran Joe Jessop sailed Edward Peterson's *Ni Ni Nie* to a successful defense of her title in the Pacific Coast 30-foot one-design sloop class. Jessop won three out of the five races in this sporty San Diego fleet, while his brother, George Jessop, was winning the other two with *Wings*, to take second honors. Third place went to Charles Springstead's *Imp. Ni Ni Nie* narrowly saved her championship by victory in the final race, after finishing a bad last on Thursday, when she, like *Moira*, was unable to follow the "Sixes" through the kelp beds close inshore.

Three new Southern California champions were crowned in each of the cruising classes.

In the big E, F and G Division, Donald Douglas sailed his 76-foot Potter-designed staysail schooner *Endymion* to two victories over the defender, A. N. Kemp's 83-foot Alden-designed schooner *Amorilla*, now carrying a new staysail rig with cloud-stabbing spars. The weather was pretty soft for *Amorilla's* best work, but *Endymion's* big margins in both races were in large measure due to the superior work of her skipper and crew. Third place was taken by R. B. White's beautiful new Alden ketch *Rival III*, and fourth honors went to C. A. Page's ketch *Charmar*, ex-*Seymour*.

Neptune, Hugh Angelman's new 56-foot ketch of his own design, sprang a surprise in the X and Y class by romping off with both races. Her closest rival was Angelman's former love, the 45-foot staysail schooner *Ocean Waif*, now owned by George Johnson. *Burrapeg*, the new Alden ketch owned by William Candy, Jr., was third and Henry B.

"Neptune," at left, sailed by Hugh Angelman, won the X and Y Class series. Below, three Pacific Coast Class boats from San Diego at the starting line

Warren's veteran ketch *Ahmeek* put up a fine performance but was disqualified because her owner failed to submit a measurement certificate.

Charmar won the arbitrary handicap race on Friday, a consolation event for the cruising classes, with *Ocean Waif* second, and *Aegir* third.

Among the handicap sloops, the 20-rater *Friendship*, now owned by Clyde Shields, of San Diego, and sailed by Ashley Bowen, had no trouble in capturing the championship from Thomas Danckwortt's 60-square-metre sloop *Aegir*, which ended the two-race series in a three-way tie for second with Matt Walsh's 45-foot sloop *Thorobred* and the Bird Class *Pipit*, owned by John D. Fredericks, Jr.

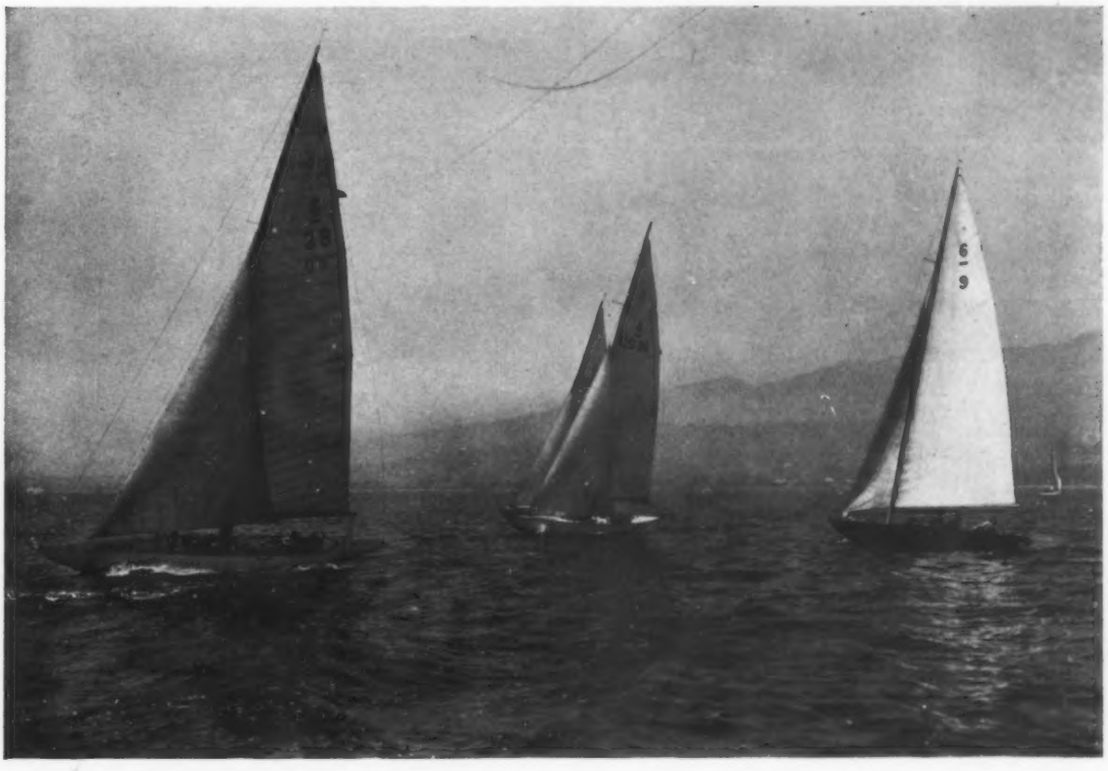
On both days, Charles Deere Wiman and J. J. Mitchell's Class M sloop *Patolita*, ex-*Simba*, toured the course in an effort to beat the small sloops on corrected time, but in the light airs she was unable to outdo the *Friendship's* mark of 2 hours 53 minutes and 7 seconds.

There were no power events this year, but in the mornings the Alamitos Bay Skimmers and the tiny Rainbow scows had their innings. George Hart won the Skimmer title by taking three straight races with *Idona*, and the Rainbow trophy went to J. S. Till's ebony-hued *Two Bits*.

The three cruising races were all won by new champions. In the Richardson Rock race, a fifty-mile beat dead to windward out to San Miguel Island and return to Santa Barbara, *Patolita* lost the Benito Mussolini Trophy to *Thorobred* after the boats fought through a wild night with a 45-mile northwester. After successfully rounding the rock in boisterous weather, the little *Thorobred* blew out her mainsail, but Matt Walsh, in true Bluenose style, refused aid from a Coast Guard cutter, bent a new main while running before the heavy wind with a spinnaker, and went on home to win by a 52-minute margin over *Patolita*. Third to finish was *Rival III*.

The 48-mile reach out to Pelican Bay, on Santa Cruz Island, for gaff-rigged cruising boats, was won by Charles Dabney's yawl *Bayadere*, which saved her time by a close margin over George Vibert's schooner *Scaramouche*.

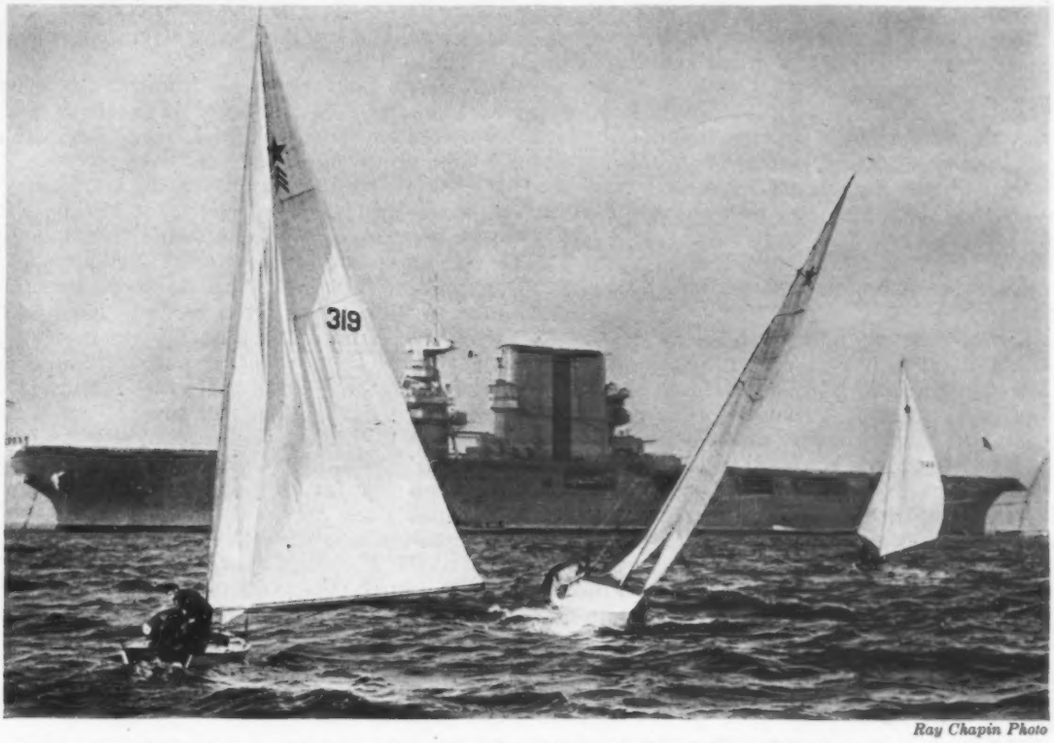
The final day of the regatta, Saturday, which closed with the squadron cruise to Pelican Bay, was started by the 48-mile race to and around Anacapa Island. *Patolita* won the Spalding Cup, beating *Endymion* and *Rival III*.



An unsuccessful port tack start in the Star Class. "Amoena" fouled "Vega II." Below, "Maybe," "Naiad," the winner, and "Clio," at the start of one of the Six-Metre races

"Natalon"—A Commodious 60-Footer

"Natalon," a 60-foot twin-screw cruiser, was designed and built this year by Elco for James L. Ward, of Oyster Bay. Handsome and able in appearance, and with spacious quarters for owner and guests, she is a fine example of a liveable and serviceable cruiser. The deckhouse saloon is unusually commodious and comfortably appointed. The owner's large stateroom aft is adjoined by a bath and shower, and there is a double and a single stateroom for guests. "Natalon" is powered with twin 145 h.p. Elco engines which drive her up to 16 m.p.h.



Ray Chapin Photo

"Three Star Too," winner of the International Star Class Championships, leading "Movie Star" on the final leg of the concluding race. "Chip," of Honolulu, is beating up to the mark

Star Championship Goes to San Francisco

Consistent Sailing of "Three Star Too" Wins International Title

By H. B. WARREN

STAR sailors are not unfamiliar with salt water. But next year they are due to discover the full possibilities of dampness, for in this year's Internationals, sailed off Long Beach, California, from August 25th to 30th, Glen Waterhouse carried off the International Trophy to San Francisco Bay, where a 30-mile wind is the average summer zephyr.

Waterhouse is well known and well liked by Star men, although he has been in the fleet only a little over two years. He made the International series for the first time last year, but his heavy-weather boat did nothing startling in the light conditions at Southport, Conn., where his final place was twentieth in a field of twenty-eight. This year, however, he took the Santa Barbara Lipton Trophy and placed second in the Southern California championships, besides winning his home eliminations with his new boat, *Three Star Too*. His victory in this year's Internationals was due to his remarkable consistency, which smashed a couple of Star Class axioms into atoms. The first is that anybody who can average fifth place will always win. With a total score of 67 points, Waterhouse averaged better than fourth, or 13⅖ points per race. The second axiom he sent into the discard is that all International contenders must have at least one bad day, when they finish near the tail end. His worst position was seventh, which is not far down with sixteen boats racing.

However, nobody who witnessed this year's Internationals will harbor the slightest doubt as to the best crew and boat under the weather conditions encountered. They were Eddie Fink, Joe Hayes, and their *Movie Star II*. Such marked superiority as they displayed would hardly be expected in any one-design class. They actually finished first in four of the five races, dropping only to sixth in the other! In windward work *Movie Star* held nearly a whole point higher than any of the others, and kept moving all the time. In choosing his time to tack for the weather mark from a considerable distance away, Fink's judgment was well-nigh perfect, while his racing tactics could hardly have been bettered, except in a brief duel of tacks with Waterhouse in the last race, when the latter "outsmarted" him. Fink turned the tables before the race was over, by passing *Three Star* on the run and winning by three seconds. But in his eagerness to catch the leader, he took a sailor's chance by cutting the mark boat a bit too closely, so that his mainsail touched. He did not even know it, but kept on and won, only to be informed that he had been disqualified.

Another disqualification, in the second race, put *Movie Star* far down in the final point score. This involved *Gull*, from Peconic Bay, and *Movie Star*, while turning a mark. The latter luffed head to wind to prevent the former from passing. There was no protest, but the following evening the committee disqualified *Movie Star*. This decision caused a furore, which, how-

ever, died away after Fink's unquestionable disqualification in the last race ended *Movie Star's* chances in the series.

Edwin Thorne's *Mist*, from Great South Bay, was another boat that deserved better treatment from fate than she received. She took three seconds, a third and a thirteenth. Her downfall came in the second race, the only light-weather day, when a strong inshore current escaped her skipper's notice.

Ace, the Western Long Island Sound contender, showed wonderful light-breeze qualities, but the weather was against her.

The first race was windward and leeward, twice around, sailed in a breeze of about fifteen miles at starting time, but dwindling to about eight toward the finish. The contest was not five minutes old before *Movie Star's* amazing windward qualities had brought her into the lead from about sixth or seventh place at the start. *Mist* held on well for a time, but became involved in a battle with Beardslee in *Moira*, causing them both to drop back. As they approached the weather mark on the port tack several other boats came up on the starboard tack. *Mist* was clear, ahead of them all, but Beardslee had to keep wide of the mark to give room. This dropped him down about four places. *Ace* clung tenaciously to third place for a time, then, but was too closely pressed by *Three Star* and *Nereid*, the Galveston boat, to hold a clear wind on the run. Once blanketed by them, she had to suffer from several others, falling down to eighth and finally to tenth. *Movie Star* would give *Mist* a good drubbing in the windward work, only to lose a good share of her lead on the runs. This was repeated both times around, with Fink retaining just 37 seconds' lead at the finish. *Three Star* was third and *Nereid* fourth.

The sensation of the race was thirteen-year-old Patsy Raskob, sailing her Eastern Shore entry *Ripple*. Starting in the second round in fifteenth place, she worked into sixth at the end. She did this by observing that while the wind had eased considerably, the choppy sea was still running. With the others still buttoned down, she bore off and let her boat foot.

In Southern California the starboard tack is always to be avoided, but in the second race it proved fatal. The course was a triangle, twice around, with the southerly breeze very streaky. After the start the whole fleet took the port tack, with the Central Long Island Sound *Andiamo II*, and *Sparkler*, from New Orleans, leading. To escape the backwind of several other boats, *Mist* soon tacked, bringing the unsuspected current nearly abeam. The way she slipped to leeward was pitifully apparent to all spectators, while her crew failed to notice it, and she was quickly at the tail of the procession. This fatal starboard tack probably cost her the series, in view of *Movie Star's* disqualifications. But Fink went about, also, a little later, no doubt because he feared *Mist* and wanted to keep her covered. Both showed their fighting qualities by finishing several places ahead, Fink sixth and Thorne thirteenth, largely because several other boats made the same mistake.

Ace worked out a fine lead, owing to greater ability to point and the fine hand of her skipper on the tiller. *Nereid* pressed *Ace* hard as soon as she got clear of *Moira*, but Iselin was over a minute to the good at the weather mark. He needed it on the reach and run, where *Nereid* crept up. On the second beat Iselin would not allow the Galveston boat to wriggle clear. When it came to the reach and run again, however, *Nereid* was definitely faster. Iselin's clever maneuvering kept his wind clear by the narrowest of margins. Close to the finish he jibed and bore away after a sharp luffing match, to win by 12 seconds.

Nereid's good showing — a fourth and a second — put her ahead on points — 28 of them. *Movie Star* and *Three Star* came next with 27 each, while *Ace* had 23.

Going into the lead almost from the start of the third race, Fink steadily romped away on all six legs of the windward and leeward course, to win by a big margin over *Mist*. *Andiamo* came to life this time, giving *Mist* a real tussle and finishing only 15 seconds astern of her. *Phar Lap*, the Santa Barbara boat, was sailing a fine race in fourth position when she fouled a mark and withdrew, a bit of very hard luck. *Seaward*, from San Diego, broke a spreader. It was in this race that young Dowsett's *Chip* came into the running with a well deserved fourth. After this race we all thought *Movie Star* was leading with 43 points won by her two firsts and one sixth, but that evening the committee disqualified her for having fouled *Gull* the day before. This put *Three Star* on top, with 37 points. *Nereid* and *Moira* were tied with 35 each, while *Mist* and *Ace* also tied at 34. Fink had only 32.

The fourth race saw Fink and young Thorne in their accustomed places of first and second, the former going farther and farther ahead until he finished 2 minutes, 32 seconds in the lead. Waterhouse held third throughout, but at times was hard pressed by *Chip* and *Andiamo*. *Chip* seemed to be *Movie Star's* only rival in pointing, but occasionally she would rebel and nearly stop. Her sails did not seem to have the magic drive of *Movie Star's*.

I think Fink kept his backstays taut, while many of the others failed to do so. As they plunged in the choppy water their masts would bend forward, slackening the headstays and allowing the jibs and the forward part of their mainsails to flutter. *Movie Star's* never did, in spite of the fact that her backstays were of the tackle variety, while most of the others were on runners.

In the fifth race, windward and leeward three times around, Fink's start was not too good, but you have to keep moving to stay in the lead. It was fascinating to see how *Movie Star* would work to windward and ahead of boat after boat up to weather of her — some of them several hundred yards at the start — until she was to weather and leading the entire fleet. Waterhouse was in a fine position, but could not hold the uncanny *Movie Star*. He turned the first mark 50 seconds astern. He lost 4 more seconds on the run. In the following beat he gained on Fink — the first time this had been done in the series. Starting the second run only 35 seconds behind *Movie Star*, Waterhouse was close enough to interfere with her wind, and consequently but 20 seconds to the bad at the lower mark. Waterhouse whipped around, with Fink tacking to cover, bore off to make *Three Star* travel and get a clear wind. She sagged down to leeward, but boiled along. Going about again after a long port board, it was seen to be a close thing as they converged. Fink, however, was clear ahead, tacking as soon as *Three Star Too* was under his stern. *Three Star* came about at the same instant, to split tacks and escape. Fink did not go after her; he couldn't gather sufficient way. Soon Waterhouse took the starboard tack again. *Movie Star* seemed to be gaining, but went about too soon to cross *Three Star*. Fink held on too long, was forced about and passed to windward by his wily competitor, who now kept on for the mark. *Movie Star* had to make a hitch to get her wind clear, which made her overstand a bit. Fink was gaining fast as they approached the mark, but *Three Star* was thirty seconds to the good. It was then that Fink came too close and

(*Continued on page 80*)

Ray Chapin

Ray Chapin

W. C. Sawyer

W. C. Sawyer

Top, a windward start showing part of the fleet of sixteen Stars which competed in the International Championships held at Long Beach, California

Above, "Mist," sailed by Edwin Thorne II and representing the Great South Bay Fleet, was runner-up in the series

At right, above, "Chip," sailed by H. M. Dowsett, Jr., of Honolulu, which took third place, and below, the International Champion, "Three Star Too," sailed by G. W. Waterhouse, of San Francisco

Weathering a Hurricane

On Beam Ends Six Times, With Spars Cut Away, the 60-Foot Schooner "C. C. Acme" Survives

By S. W. SHARP

I WAS in search of information as to the behavior of small vessels in heavy weather and just what could be expected of them when I came across this heroic tale of the sea, which I shall endeavor to give you as I got it. Captain Burnett Armonger Bryan and his mate, Daniel Lewis, have a stirring tale to tell. Caught in a West Indian hurricane, they saved their ship and their crew. They stuck to their posts and valiantly performed the duties assigned to them long after hope had passed. I wish I could convey the deep feelings of reverence with which the weather-beaten captain described his deliverance from death; his reticence in relating the mighty struggle which his men put up — men who did not despair or give up hope.

Have you ever heard the drawl of the Cayman Islander? Men of the sea, men who can keep their wits about them when hell is let loose — Captain Bryan is one. Hear him tell his tale.

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Yais, sir, pleased to see you, sir. Just come into the cabin, sir. Not much of a cabin, sir, but we fishermen have to be satisfied with it. But now don't judge the boat by the cabin, sir. We islanders build good boats. If we could get the price we could put in the fancy work, but fishing can't stand all that, sir.

Wail, sir, I am fifty years old — have held a master's certificate for twenty-nine years, and as far as I can remember been going to sea since I was born. Well, of course, if you want to give it exact, put it down that I been at sea since I was ten — that's better.

I have been in hurricanes before. I have had my ship dismasted, but, sir, November 1932, in the Caribbean, was about the limit. Look at the chart, sir. That hurricane destroyed the Cayman Islands and was so violent that although the center passed the Sarana Banks and over the Cayman Islands, the hurricane force of the winds was felt in Honduras and Jamaica at the same time, about 200 miles away on either side. The diameter of that storm was over 400 miles.

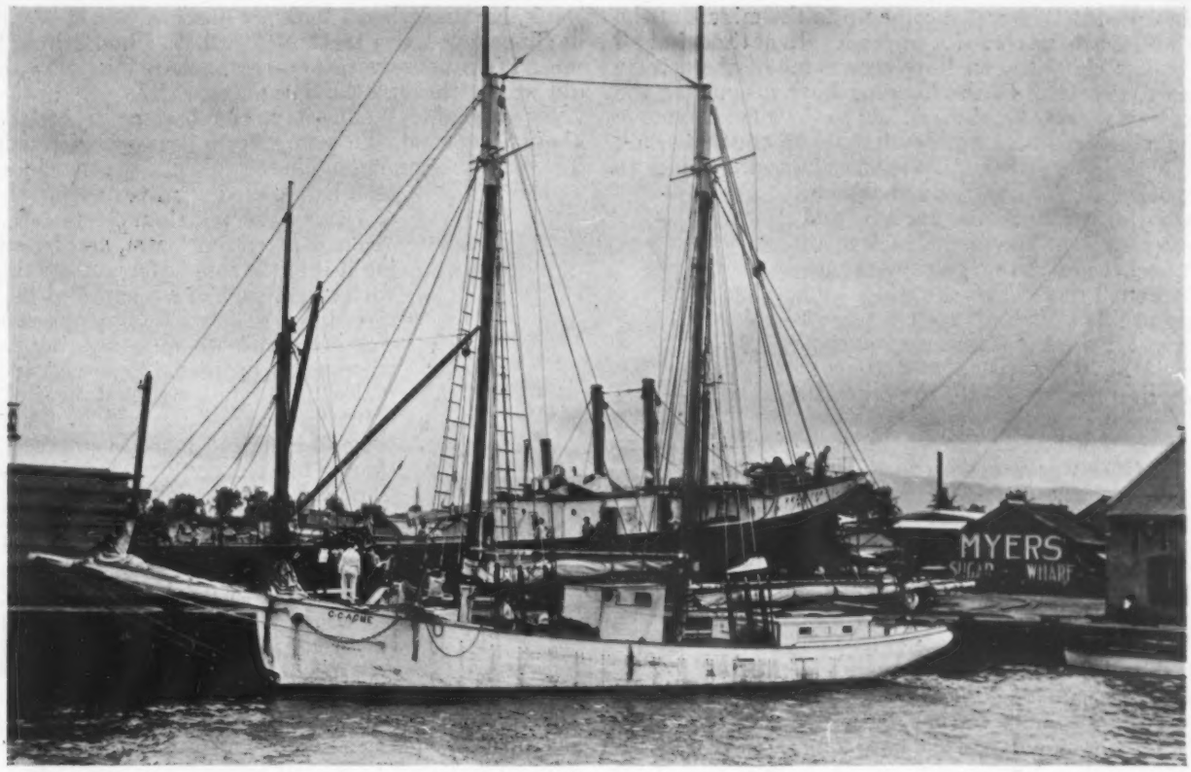
My schooner, the *C. C. Acme*, is 60 feet overall, and has 18 feet of beam. She was built by R. C. Foster at Cayman Brac, in 1929, and is a regular fishing boat. Her timbers are native hardwood, 4 by 4, spaced 18 inches apart, and she is planked with yellow pine two inches thick. No, sir! no outside ballast. We carry all our ballast inside. Can't afford the casting of an iron keel, sir. Wish we could, as you will hear. Of course, sir, inside ballast gives you an easy roll in a sea — not so much righting effect — not so jerky, so it has its compensations. I carry about fifteen tons of pig iron inside and this is placed on the cement which is cast in between the frames over the keel to level up the bottom. As the pig would form a bad floor we fill in about seven tons of clean white gravel to level it off. She is stiff and fast, sir, on this trim. My mainmast is 58 feet and I carry a topmast of 28 feet on this. Mainsail has 240 yards of canvas in it, foresail, 150, standing jib, 80, staysail, 60, jib topsail, 60, and I have a fisherman's staysail about 80 yards (a yard of canvas is about five square feet). Below decks is divided into three compartments. No, sir, not watertight bulkheads — just close boarded up. Aft, we have a cabin. Midships, we have to work on our fishing and for'a'd a small fo'castle fitted with bunks for some of the men.

For turtle fishing we need a big crew — all the men fish and help sail the vessel. We left Cayman Brac with twenty-four men and myself, and we carried on deck twelve catboats. You see, sir, this is how it is. The vessel is generally anchored or laid to on the fishing grounds and two men go out in each boat after turtle. When they see a turtle they row him down and when he dives to the bottom they search for him with a water glass and drop a net set on a hoop over him and that's how we get turtle. Oh, yais, sir, I see — you want the tale of the hurricane. Ah, well, you see, sir, we get a few hurricanes in our lifetime but it is fishing all the time, so we generally try to forget hurricanes. Fishing pays better, sir.

We left Cayman Brac on the 26th of October in fine weather and as usual we expected to be away from home for about two months. We first made the Pedro Banks, south of Jamaica, where the fishing is usually good at this time of the year. But we were not very successful, and I decided to go to the Baxo Neuvo Banks. The weather was still clear and winds light. When we arrived at Baxo Neuvo, on the evening of November 5th, the barometer started to fall and the weather became overcast. Fishing was impossible and after encountering two or three sharp squalls I decided to run off to the Serrana Banks where I knew there was shelter. The wind was from the north and I hoped that if there was a hurricane it would work to the east of my course.

My barometer still going down and the general look of the weather bad and the breeze getting stronger and stronger and the seas getting up made me very anxious. I was still 150 miles from Serrana and my boat was making full twelve knots before a fresh north gale, course S.W. by S. and all sails pulling their utmost. Soon, however, I had to shorten sail — mainsail first, then headsails, one by one. After about six hours of this I could only carry a reefed foresail. Barometer still going down and sea and wind rising. I told the mate to make everything down as fast as possible. Extra lashings were put on sails. Boats were tied and hatches battened down and all movable objects wedged and jammed. I carried on for about one hour with the fores'l alone; then had to lower even that sail and we were now under bare poles scudding along at ten to twelve knots. Can you conceive this boat, sir, with only bare masts — no sails and buried to the hawsepipes — running like a live thing? I cannot describe the wind at this period, but I know that during the rolls of the ship in her forward rushes on the seas the wind pressure on the sticks bore her down so much that there was grave risk of capsizing her; so I decided to broach her to and put out sea anchors.

A sea anchor was made by lashing a log, which we had aboard, to an anchor. I took the wheel and waited for the first lull between seas and jammed the helm down.



The 60-foot fishing schooner "C. C. Acme," Captain Bryan, with a crew of twenty-four, weathered the West Indian hurricane of November 1932. Both masts were cut away and she was on her beam ends six times

The vessel tore madly on for a space, then swung to. Well, sir, when the wind hit us full abeam I thought that was the worst that could happen. Little did I know that a more terrible experience was ahead. The sea anchor was now put out and sixty fathoms of chain payed out. The barometer was still falling and wind and sea now were beyond description. When I say, sir, that a sea anchor was put out, it sounds easy, but in reality it must have taken half an hour. A man can't do much when he is hanging on for dear life to anything he can find. The wind pressure on a single rope from the masthead almost takes you off your feet.

I now decided that the vessel could not carry her masts and live it out, so we had to lose our sticks. Yes, sir, we use lanyards — not turnbuckles and I am glad of it, sir. We cut lanyards on the port side and gave a few chops of the axe to the spars about five feet above the deck. Almost instantaneously the two masts were literally torn out of the vessel — ripped clean out. In the din of the sea and wind we never even heard the crash. The wreckage was cut away, and the little vessel righted herself.

Up to this time I must say we were making tolerably good weather of it. We were not pooped when scudding and the seas were mostly coming along with the breeze. But now things began to change. The seas became confused. They were coming from all sides, and the wind simply took the tops off every sea and blew them into a lather which streaked with force to leeward. We could neither see nor hear. We could hardly open our eyes. During our run I had instructed the mate to get some canvas bags made and we now filled these with turtle oil. I must tell you that we had caught forty-two turtles and we always melt down the fat from the liver and take it back to our homes where it is used for cooking — excellent food, sir, if you like the taste. We dry the turtle meat or corn it. The shell, however, is what we send to England. All right, sir, fishing again. Can't help it, sir. Well, we filled the bags with oil and hung them over the side. The effect was wonderful. The waves stopped breaking and capping and we could catch our breath.

Now, sir, look at that barometer on that partition there. It is a good instrument; you see it at 29.9, but before the storm its normal level was 30.1. At this period of the storm I looked at that instrument and, sir, it had fallen to 27.5. Can you realize what that means, sir? From that day, whether it was strained or what, I don't know, but it has never got up to 30.1 again. I knew that we were in for even heavier weather, so in the comparative ease that the oil bags gave us we put out a second drogue and I ordered the entire crew below in charge of the mate.

I lashed myself, with the bosun, to the mast and we thought that the end was near. Night now came on to add darkness to our other troubles. At about midnight a terrific sea just came out of nowhere and seemed to drop on us from the sky. It swept the decks clean of everything — even the boats and galley house which, thank God, was just a superstructure and did not leave an opening in the deck. The seas were all over us from all sides at the same time, tearing our little boat to pieces — pounding, battering, tossing us into the air as if we were made of cork. Sir, I cannot describe it. The wind was still north as it had been for sixteen hours straight. Suddenly the wind stopped. I knew we were in the center of the storm. The barometer stood at 27.5. In the lull, I shouted to the men, "Boys, prepare yourselves. We are gone now."

Hardly were the words out my mouth than we were struck by the wind from the south — exactly the opposite direction — and this south wind was fiercer and more terrible than the north wind had been. The wind pressure on the hull alone, sir, turned this boat over on

her beam ends. The water came up to the middle of the deck and it held us there for such a length of time that all the ballast shifted. You have seen some of the shingle yourself, sir, stuck in the hanging knee supporting the deck beams. I was helpless, lashed to the mast. To move would have meant instant death, but, sir, the mate took the matter in hand below. As soon as he realized that we had not gone clean over, all hands were put to shifting back the ballast, and little by little the boat came back to an even keel. I am unable to express myself when I speak about wind and breeze in this hurricane. If you can get me aright, I want to convey to you that there is no comparison with the ordinary impression of a strong breeze and the hurricane winds that we experienced. The breeze that was blowing at this time was a solid thing. It is something that you can feel and press with your hand. You could put your open palm against the breeze and feel a powerful resistance as if you were pushing against a solid wall.

Captain Burnett Armonger Bryan

I want this clear now, sir. Six times — yes, half a dozen times — was this boat simply blown clean over on her side by breeze alone, and six times did those boys of mine bring her back.

Seas had long ago carried away our oil bags and the pounding and battering was terrific. I think that if we had been in that storm two or three hours more we would simply have been broken to pieces. No wood could stand the battering. Look around you at this cabin. It is a solid structure, yet a sea came aboard and took off the skylight; another smashed the companion slide, and another the companion door. It started the very deckhouse posts. It is not easy to describe it. You know this boat was built so that she could take an engine. The deadwood was cut out to take a propeller. As the engine was not installed the space was blocked up with one and one-half inch planking on each side; and when the storm was over we found the planking gone and the space open. Can you imagine the force of the water to deal a blow like that?

The breeze from the south was, I think, double the strength of what we had from the north. We were helpless. The breaking in of our companion slide and door was letting water into the ship, which had been fairly dry up to then. All efforts to make repairs were almost useless because of the terrific movement of the vessel; but we did make some shift with pieces of board and canvas. The pump handle was within reach of the man lashed to the stump of mast and we did our best to put in a stroke when we could. The vessel was about one-third full before we got through and we were awash for six hours. We expected every plunge to be our last, but the little vessel kept up.

We were in that storm 78 hours — from Saturday 10:00 A.M. till Wednesday 4:00 A.M., sir, and during that 78 hours a lot of things happened which I cannot explain. At one time, during a sort of lull, I saw seas going by at a distance from the boat which I know no ship could have lived in. I saw them with my own eyes and I pointed them out to the bosun lashed to the mast. Now, sir, those seas did not hit us. They could not have. We could not have lived in them. They were tidal waves, if I may call them so. Now, sir, look at that chart. When the wind shifted to the south and we started to drift north we must have passed right over or through the Saranilla Bank, because when I took my observation on Wednesday morning I was 18:16 N. 79:20 W. I had drifted 246 miles in 78 hours with two sea anchors out. Now, how did we get through the Saranilla Reefs?

By daylight, Wednesday, the barometer had risen about to normal. We were sixty miles west of Jamaica. The sea was high, but again the good old sea that I knew. God had spared our lives.

There is very little more to tell, sir. We had saved our boom, and by sticking it into the fore hatch and staying it with ropes, we had a mast of sorts. We rigged two sails on it, but our rudder was gone and we were heading west, whereas we wanted to go east to Jamaica. I therefore strung a piece of log over the side and payed it out with a rope which I led forward on the port side. This simply dragged her head 'round and we headed for Jamaica. We steered a tolerably straight course by tightening and slackening the headsail as we wished.

And so we anchored in Bluefields, on the south coast, after two days under jury rig.

We had, by God's help, saved our vessel and the 25 lives aboard. Of three other boats fishing at the same time nothing has ever been heard. One was with me up to the time when I took in all sail — the *Carmania*. They will never tell their tale and we have to thank God we are able to tell ours. I saw her last scudding under a scrap of a foresail; then I lost sight of her. Gone with 41 lives!

The steamer *Phemius* (nearly 8,000 tons) of the Blue Funnel Line was also caught off Saranilla Bank. She said she saw us. We could not see anything — too near the water, sir. The spray too thick to see through. The *Phemius'* deck was a shambles and, to give you an idea, her smoke stack was blown clean out of her. She was disabled and had to summon the salvage steamer to tow her to Kingston. That was a big steamer, sir. We are a 60-foot schooner! That's all, sir.

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That is the captain's tale and I have seen his boat. I don't think any vessel of her size has ever lived through such terrible weather.

As I sat on a chest in the little cabin, the entire ship below decks was open to my wondering gaze. But in the eyes of the men before me I could see that they had forgotten me; they had forgotten their surroundings. They were living again through their terrible adventure.

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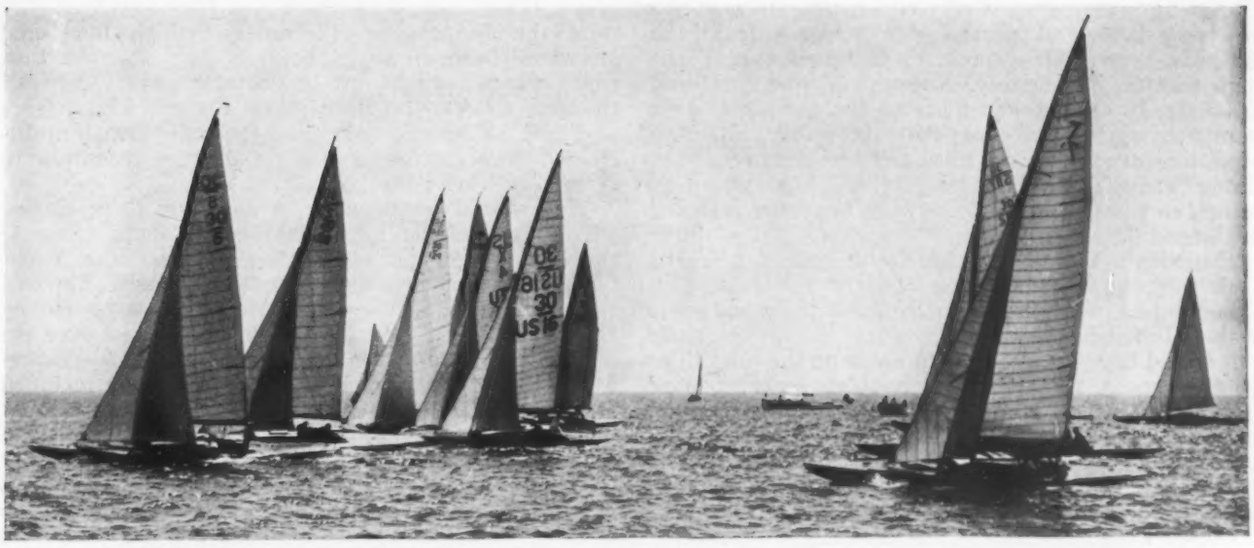
"Men O' Sail"—Villiers' Cape Horn Film

ALL yachtsmen should see Alan Villiers' magnificent motion picture narrative, "Men O' Sail," a film which portrays the life on board a square-rigged grain ship as epically as the author's well-known books. The film taken by him and his shipmate, Ronald Walker, who met his death in the rigging of the *Grace Harwar*, has been edited and produced for presentation in public theaters and from time to time will appear in theaters throughout the country.

The film, with an accompanying sound track, may also be secured by yacht clubs and nautical organizations through arrangements with Shearwood-Smith, Inc., 234 West 44th St., New York, producers of "Men O' Sail" and Villiers' lecture agent.



The 30-Square-Metres, growing more and more popular in Eastern waters, produced some of the liveliest of the racing at Marblehead where a fleet of twelve gathered for race week

Marblehead's 1933 Race Week

By

LEONARD MUNN FOWLE, JR.

THAT yachting is still the king of sports in maritime New England was conclusively proved by Marblehead's annual Mid-Summer Race Week. Aided by the best racing weather in years, and by generally fair skies, yachtsmen from every port between Marion and Newburyport forgot about N.R.A. codes and stock market breaks to join in the seasonal pilgrimage to the rock-bound harbor on Massachusetts Bay's North Shore for nine days of racing.

They descended on Marblehead in every sort of craft from dinghies upward, with the result that the 1933 Race Week surpassed all expectations and proved a grand success from every viewpoint. The record of 292 boats in a single contest still stands, but when the week was over that was practically the only mark for starters which had survived; and what is more important, the racing conditions were far above average. Of nine days eight were fair and only two furnished poor breezes.

A glance at the fleet shows that the eight principal races, three Eastern, three Corinthian, one Boston, and one Pleon event, furnished, for the first time, over 2000 starters. The actual figure, which does not include a dozen minor races, was 2014 — some 23 more than the former figure. Leaving out the Pleon Junior Regatta, first sailed in 1928, seven races brought out 1899 starters to eclipse the 1927 daily average of 270 boats with a new record of 271 craft in each race.

The first race did not start auspiciously for the Eastern Yacht Club, which had to contend with a shifting southerly breeze that spoiled the windward leg on several courses. A strong northeast breeze prevented the big combined class of 30-Square-Metres from racing to Marblehead from Buzzards Bay the previous day, so that class was postponed until Sunday afternoon. Finally, after some 15 classes had been sent away on a triangular course, it was discovered that the second mark had been conveniently towed some four miles out of position by the drag of a fisherman, which necessitated a resail Sunday.

Fortunately for all concerned, Sunday provided splendid racing weather, with a fine, moderate, easterly breeze which kicked up quite a chop on Massachusetts Bay. The breeze this day also made conditions ideal for the Boston Yacht Club's long distance race for cruising craft and the larger racing boats.

The Eastern resails of Sunday raised havoc with the Pleon's plan for the annual Junior Regatta, which was finally sailed in two divisions, one on Sunday and the other on Monday morning, when a light southerly breeze which freshened to whitecap strength at the finish, prevailed. The breeze of the morning continued to freshen all afternoon, so that the second race of the Eastern series was sailed in a strong southerly wind which had kicked up a considerable sea. It was a thorough test of the racing craft, delighting the hearts of those yachtsmen owning heavy-weather boats, and except for a few minor accidents the whole fleet weathered the breeze in fine shape. The real surprise came when 276 craft crossed the line to set a record for the Eastern.

This race ended the record breaking except as regards the entire week, for the next day brought intermittent shower , some quite heavy, and the fleet dwindled to the low figure of the week, 236 boats. A strong breeze in the morning from the west-southwest slackened off in strength, due to the influence of the rain, but it was strong enough to produce as good racing conditions as are ever possible with an offshore breeze.

A new breeze of considerable strength from the southeast greeted the yachtsmen in the Boston Yacht Club regatta, Wednesday, August 9th, but it refused to be steady and backed more to the eastward. As a result, the racing was none too satisfactory, although conditions overhead were ideal and the breeze was not strong enough to discourage the "fair weather" sailors, so it was not surprising when the count revealed the largest fleet of the week, 285 yachts.

Thursday's breeze, for the first Corinthian Yacht Club race, was easterly and of very good strength, although late in the afternoon it died rapidly and some of the late finishers had to drift home in a sloppy sea.

It would have been hard to improve on the conditions for the second race of the Corinthian series. Ladies' Day, as Friday of Race Week has long been known, brought a fine whole sail breeze from the northeast with the usual attending rough sea. All in all, it was by far the best test that a week of better than average racing conditions produced.

Things were much more typical of Race Week when the official curtain was rung down on Saturday, August 12th. After a 45-minute postponement, the classes were finally sent away in a very light southerly air over short courses. The next afternoon there was a regular Buzzards Bay gale blowing for the sail-offs.

So much for the racing weather, and now for a glance at the fleet. Not only in numbers but in the size of boats did it surprise even the optimists. At the top were ten of the 25-raters of Class Q, six "Eights," five Class R boats. ten of the "I" Class, and an even dozen of the 30-Square-Metres, all open classes — a very remarkable showing indeed for 1933! From that point it decreased in size to the Brutal Beasts, as there were no dinghies out this year. The assembled fleet probably matched Larchmont's in tonnage for the first time in many moons — if not in history.

As usual, there were plenty of one-design classes present. Some 27 different Indians took part in the sport, and the starts of this hard-fighting class were always a feature of the racing. Two other big groups were the Manchester 15-Footers, which numbered anywhere from 16 to 24 boats a day, and the Fish Class, which brought out 18 starters in every race. Of the new classes, the Baby Stars (Comet Class) from Medford, on Mystic Lake, and the Snipes, with multi-colored sails, attracted a good deal of attention in their Marblehead Week debut.

The interest of the week centered on three classes which were racing for special trophies. In Class Q the boats were competing for the Corinthian Yacht Club Cup, offered some years ago by Arthur W. Stevens, while the prize in the Eight-Metres was the Hovey Gold Bowl. This year the Corinthian deeded over the Sir Thomas Lipton Class P trophy to the 30-Square-Metre Class. The competition for each one included all the seven principal races.

Any class that numbers among its skippers Charles Francis Adams is almost bound to be a success, and the 1933 "Q" Class proved no exception. Ten boats fought for the prize. The racing was surprisingly keen with very little to choose between the five leaders in any race. Chandler Hovey's *Robin* finally won out, but it is likely that the *Bat* would have taken the prize had Mr. Adams' boat not lost a spreader in one race.

Robin scored three firsts, two thirds, and two sevenths, against one win, two seconds, three fourths, and a disabling for the *Bat*. At the end of the week the five leaders were separated on percentage by just over .100 points. The standing was: *Robin* .749, *Bat* .699, *Hornet* .651, *Spindle* .644, and *Cara Mia* .640. The competition in the "Q's" was remarkable for an open class in which the boats were built as much as five years apart. A visitor during Race Week in this class was Commodore Walter H. Wheeler, Jr.'s *Cotton Blossom II*, from Stamford, which stopped over for a race while cruising eastward.

The six "Eights" put up nearly as lively a battle for the Hovey Gold Bowl. The 1933 leg on this trophy was finally taken by Arthur Shuman sailing Harry Noyes's *Gypsy*, formerly *Gitane*, with two firsts, four

(*Continued on page 86*)

Ten "Q" boats, old and new, came out for the Marblehead Mid-Summer Race Week. Most of them are here shown making a closely-bunched start

Illustrative of the application of Diesel power to smaller cruisers is this 46-foot stock cruiser built by Wheeler and powered with a 100 h.p. Winton Diesel engine

Diesels For the Smaller Fry

By

CHARLES H. HALL

NOT much more than a generation ago the two forms of motive power afloat were sail and steam. For both commercial service and for vessels of pleasure, sails were the economical means of converting the force of the wind to man's use in moving a vessel from place to place. Where sails were unsuitable, recourse was had to steam engines for those who had to make time or be sure of reaching port when desired, no matter whether the wind blew or calms prevailed. Twenty-five years ago the millionaires' large steam yachts gathered off the Battery on summer afternoons, to take their owners to their country estates. Later a class of speedy "commuters," driven by light, fast-turning steam engines, was developed on torpedo boat lines. These swift craft tore up the waters of sound and river as do their high powered gasoline-driven successors today.

For a long time, sailing yachtsmen resisted the incursion of the internal combustion engine into their chosen field, but gradually the advantages of making port at sunset instead of spending the night drifting in a calm — especially when due at the office in the morning — overcame the prejudices of the windjammers until, today, hardly a sailing yacht, outside of the racing classes, is built without an engine or, at least, provision for installing one at some future time. And this is due to the growth of the internal combustion engine. Twenty-five years ago a large schooner yacht might have a steam plant installed as an auxiliary, while smaller boats used the heavy slow-turning motors of the day. Nowadays steam is entirely out of the picture and the internal combustion motor, whether using gasoline or oil as fuel, reigns supreme.

And the same condition prevails in the commercial fleet. The fishing schooner, about which so much has been written, that wonderfully fast and able vessel that went anywhere in any weather, lugging sail when she could not carry it, today is a low-powered motor boat with a bald-headed apology for a rig that would make the old-timers weep. Her engine runs practically all the time she is not at anchor, and the sails are used mainly for steadying her in a seaway. No more do they race to port, buried under a cloud of canvas; instead, they head for home and a market on the tick of the wireless and chug up to the wharf as unconcernedly as a harbor tug. The romance ended? Well, even in the brave days of sail the fisherman was a commercial vessel and fishing was a hard, merciless business; the man or boat that did not make money was soon scrapped in favor of the one that did. The modern fishing vessel, with her oil burning engine and her electric lights, makes a hard life a little easier for those who man her.

In the yachting field, steam survives only in the largest vessels and those mainly of the older vintages. The newer yachts are either Diesel or Diesel-electric. How many steam yachts have been built since the war? These big craft are eminently adapted to the use of the Diesel. They are well designed and well built, first cost of engines and expense of installation is not of prime importance, and, as a rule, the best is none too good. They have fairly large crews and attract experienced men as officers, both on deck and in the engine room. They are, consequently, well kept up and are economical in service. Their engine rooms, while smaller than the total machinery space (including coal bunkers) of a steamer of equal power, are large enough to give plenty of room around the main engines as well as

ample space for all the auxiliary machinery. In general, their fuel capacity is large, with a correspondingly large cruising radius. Fuel oil is stowed in double bottom compartments or in spaces that would not be available for coal bunkers.

Until quite recently the Diesel has not been well adapted for use in the lower powers and in the smaller boats. Its high compression has tended to create vibration at high speeds, while, in the smaller sizes, there has been difficulty in controlling the supply of fuel. With small cylinders, the amount of oil to be injected at each stroke is so tiny that precision devices are necessary to meter the exact and minute quantity to be dealt with. This has doubtless retarded the development of the smaller machines. Then, too, the engines are heavier in pounds per horse power than gasoline driven motors and have been a little larger over all. Of late, however, there have appeared full Diesels that compare quite favorably as to weight and space with gasoline engines and that have all the features of the larger Diesels as regards economical fuel consumption.

Visitors to the last Motor Boat Show will remember the sensation caused by the exhibition of a cabin cruiser 46 long fitted with a Diesel developing 100 horse power. This boat has done considerable cruising this spring and summer at an average cost for fuel, her builders state, of three cents a mile, or less. Her engine is installed under the bridge deck, with plenty of room around it and with good sized fuel tanks alongside. The engine is started electrically and the generator supplies current for battery charging and for lighting. The power plant, as a whole, takes up little more space in the boat than a gasoline engine of the same rating, and the boat has the usual layout of cabins, galley, etc.

In the winter of 1930–31 an ardent yachtsman ordered a 38-foot cruiser. She was designed by one of our best known naval architects and built "Down East." Her engine is a 6-cylinder 4½"x6" Diesel, rated 72 h.p. at 1,000 r.p.m. This, the owner states, drove the boat eight knots at 1,000 r.p.m., and 11 at 1,200. Her tanks hold 365 gallons of oil. The fuel used is 28°–32° Baume. In five weeks' cruising she covered 691 nautical miles, the total running time being 76 hours. During that time 210 gallons of fuel oil were consumed at a total cost of $14.70, the oil costing 7 cents a gallon. The lubricating oil used was seven gallons and cost $5.95. This item, the owner says, he considers too high. He worked out the cost of fuel and lubricating oil per hour to be $.2716, or 2.127 cents per nautical mile. In a recent letter to the editor of YACHTING he expresses himself as still enthusiastic about the boat and about her economical performance, freedom from vibration and the quietness of the motor.

This summer one of the prominent builders of stock cruisers replaced the 6-cylinder 125 h.p. gasoline engine in a 40-footer with a new 6-cylinder 4-cycle airless injection Diesel which the manufacturers rate 65 h.p. at 1,000 r.p.m., and 85 h.p. at 1,200 r.p.m. The engine is a clean looking machine with self starter and generator, and was set on practically the old bed. This bed, by the way, did not look excessively heavy though it is well braced by deep floors and well fitted. I had the opportunity of making a run on the boat the day after she had returned from a ten-day cruise in which it was attempted, without much success, to develop any latent mechanical troubles. The engine started cold at the first push of the starter, and repeated that performance every time it was asked. It was noticeably free from vibration and the exhaust was quite clean except at the very lowest speeds, at which the engine almost stalled, when a little smoke made its appearance. Most of the time, with the engine turning over about 1,600 r.p.m., there was merely a little haze and steam abaft the transom.

No particular effort had been made to insulate the motor compartment acoustically, so that the engine seemed a bit noisy, though no more so than some gas engines with which I have been shipmates. No doubt much of this noise could be muffled by the use of some of the modern insulating materials. The power plant was directly under the deckhouse and any noise from it would have been much less noticeable in an open cockpit. The engine drives the propeller through a 2:1 reduction gear and gives the boat a speed of about nine knots at 1,650 revolutions. Her fuel tanks are large, holding 480 gallons of oil, while the water tank capacity is 450 gallons. During the recent cruise the oil consumption worked out at 2.8 gallons per hour at 9 knots, 2/10 quart of lubricating oil being used in the same time. These figures are not far different from those given above.

Say what you will, and take all the precautions in installation that are known to be effective, gasoline still makes an explosive mixture with air at atmospheric

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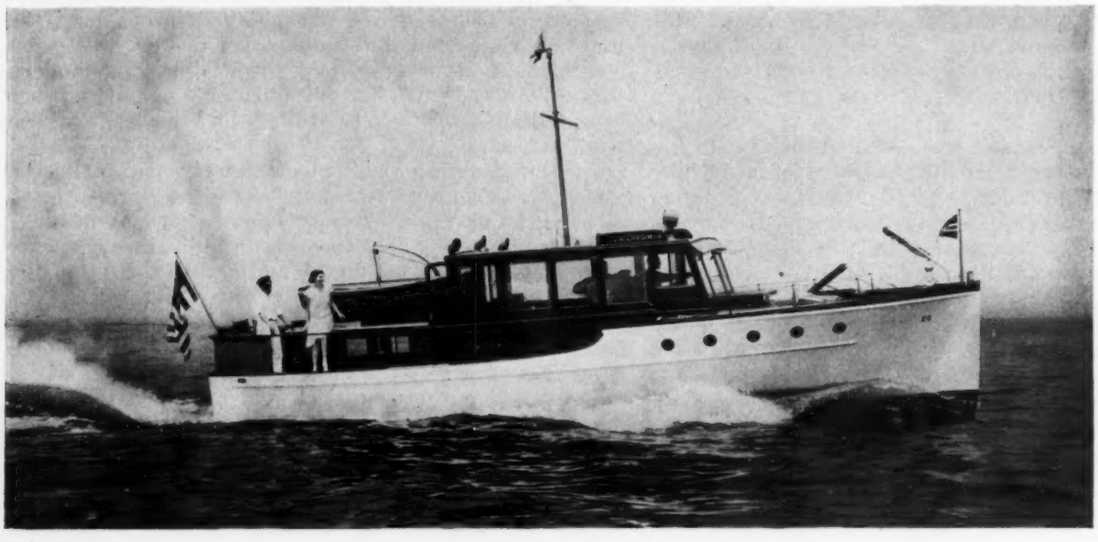


A successful 39-foot Diesel cruiser, "Sea Dream IV," built by Elco, is powered with a 65 h.p. Buda Diesel engine

The International Canoe Matches

British Boats Beat American in Two Out of Three Races

By

W. P. STEPHENS

Roger de Quincey sailing his canoe "East Anglian" in the international match for the New York Canoe Club Trophy, which was won by the British team

Photos by M. Rosenfeld

CANOEING in its modern and civilized form having now reached the scriptural age of three score and ten, it is interesting to examine the course of evolution as shown by the visit to America of two British canoeists. The sport, originating in England in 1865, took root in America in 1871, the first canoes being imported from England; the Rob Roy model for paddling and river cruising, the Nautilus, equipped with sails and rudder, for sailing. In the decade from 1870 to 1880, under the stimulus of keen racing on the Thames, the Nautilus model and its rival, the Pearl, were developed into very efficient sailing craft, of relatively heavy displacement, heavy centerboards and lead ballast, and lofty rigs. The canoeist, sitting or lying almost at full length on the floor, steered with his feet, leaving his hands free for the handling of sheets, halliards, a complicated system of reefing gear, and even for setting a spinnaker. The development about New York and, later, throughout the eastern half of the United States in the same period, retained the original light construction of hull, a centerboard of nominal weight, a light flexible rig, and a tiller on the after deck, the canoeist being seated on the side deck.

While several of the heavy British canoes built in New York were tried on New York Bay about 1880 with little success, the first real test came in 1886, when two new canoes, *Nautilus* and *Pearl*, specially built for the purpose, visited the Meet of the American Canoe Association at Grindstone Island, on the St. Lawrence River, and later raced on New York Bay. The visitors made but a poor showing at Grindstone against a representative fleet from the States and Canada, all of the same general type, but with a variety of models and rigs. In the match on New York Bay, however, *Nautilus*, with her crew now seated on deck in American fashion, did much better, though ultimately she was defeated by one of the lightest of the American canoes. Two years later Mr. Walter Stewart, who had sailed *Pearl* in 1886, returned with a canoe of his own design, *Charm*, which embodied his study of American canoes and of similar types, but she was only moderately successful.

From this time on the development of the heavy displacement canoe continued in England, the later Nautili being canoe-yawls with lifting bulb keels, entirely outside the proper domain of canoeing. The sliding seat, introduced in America in 1886 and generally adopted about two years later, was used for some years but was finally barred in 1908. Early in the present century, under the leadership of the late Linton Hope, an expert designer and enthusiastic canoe sailor, there was developed in the Royal Canoe Club, to meet the peculiar local conditions existing on the Thames, a type of small yacht, of relatively heavy displacement, sloop rig, immersed rudder, and designed to be kept permanently afloat. The rule under which this type was built was the same as that in use for the largest British yachts and the design was intended to create a class of miniature yachts which would inculcate in beginners a knowledge of yachting and a love for the sport.

In 1928 the Royal Canoe Club adopted the Universal Rule, as used in America for the largest yachts, employing all the main factors, but omitting the quarter-beam length and other secondary details, but limiting the extreme length to 17 feet, the breadth to 42 inches, and providing that the angle of the bow shall be not less than 90 degrees, and that of the stern not less than 135 degrees. Under this rule, with its heavy premium on displacement, there is a tendency to build craft with square ends and parallel sides to obtain the longest possible sailing lines.

The two visiting canoes this year, *Valiant*, Mr. Roger

de Quincey, of the Royal Canoe Club, and *East Anglian*, Mr. Uffa Fox, of the Humber Yawl Club, were designed and built by Mr. Fox to race under the R.C.C. rule and also under the A.C.A. rule. They are 17 feet overall, 40 inches beam, with plumb stem and stern, the bow being just to the limit of a 90 degree angle and the stern to 135 degrees. The floor is rather flat and as long as possible on the overall limitation. The hull is of double-skin construction with a deck of a specially made plywood in one piece. Light frames are used to reinforce the double skin. There are no bulkheads, but air tanks are used instead to give flotation. The centerboard is a plate of cast bronze weighing 100 pounds, a powerful winch of special construction being necessary to handle it. The rudder is of the fish tail pattern, quite deep, and shipped through a well in the after deck. In order to comply with the A.C.A. rules, a sliding seat is fitted on a sort of bridge deck which divides the cockpit; the seat is a solid plank of mahogany, running on small rollers, and held down by a strap in the center of the bridge deck; its length is six feet. Instead of the 'thwartship tiller used in this country, there is a long straight tiller with a "dog's leg" extension.

As shrouds and stays are prohibited under the A.C.A. rules, and the sloop rig is universally used in England, the jibstay has been replaced by a mast stepped in the bow and raking aft at a sharp angle to meet the mainmast. This spar, which is streamlined, is hollow and fitted with a groove on the after side in which the luff rope of the jib is rove. The mainmast is also hollow and streamlined, with a similar groove for the luff rope; near the head is a brass strap which holds the head of the jib mast. The boom is hollow, rectangular in section, and with a groove for the foot rope of the mainsail. No gooseneck is used, the continuous luff rope and foot rope holding the boom to the mast.

To meet these novel craft the home fleet includes a number of the old 16′ by 30″ canoes of conventional form in which all lines of the hull are a fair sweep from stem to sternpost, together with the larger canoes introduced about 25 years ago, up to 18′ by 43″. All are fitted with bulkheads and most with self-bailing cockpits; the centerboards are of nominal weight, some of aluminum. The familiar type of metal drop rudder with the 'thwartship tiller is used. The rig, in all cases, is the old main and mizzen which has always been in the majority in American canoeing. Under the A.C.A. rule the British canoes were allowed 112 square feet of sail, 74 feet in mainsail, and 34 feet in jib. The allowance for a 16′ by 30″ canoe is 87 square feet, or 57 feet in mainsail and 30 in mizzen; while for the 17′ by 38″ canoe, 100 square feet, 66 in main and 34 in mizzen.

The visitors, accompanied by their canoes, arrived in Quebec August 3rd, shipped them by rail to Gananoque, and astonished the camp by sailing in on the evening of the fourth. The first race was on August 8th, a special event, with no limit on sail area. Three rounds of the 1½-mile triangle were sailed in a light westerly wind, *Valiant* being third and *East Anglian* fourth, out of seven starters. On the following day, in the race for the Crane Trophy, three rounds of the triangle in a light northerly wind, *Mab*, C. F. Wolters, Jr., was first, with *East Anglian* second and *Valiant* fourth, out of eight starters.

Three races were sailed for the A.C.A. Trophy, the principal event of the annual meets; in the first race, in a strong S.W. wind and heavy sea, *East Anglian* was first and *Valiant* second, out of nine starters; in the second, under similar conditions, *East Anglian* was first and *Mannequin* second, out of six starters; in the third, in a moderate S.W. wind and smooth water, *East Anglian* was second and *Valiant* fourth, out of seven starters. *East Anglian* thus won the National Championship.

The two visitors were warmly welcomed on their arrival and during the whole period of the camp were popular not only because of their skilful sailing and good sportsmanship but by the way they made themselves a part of the Meet.

The trial races to pick a team to defend the New York Canoe Club Trophy were set for August 25th, the contestants being:

Apache	Walter Schalle
Centaur	Adam Wahl
Dolphin	W. H. Burns, Jr.
Fawn	Alden Smith
Leprecaun	Kenneth Friede
Loon	Walter Busch
Mab	C. F. Wolters, Jr.
Mannequin	Rolf Armstrong
Mermaid	Leo Friede
Musketeer	Rudolph Pfeiffer

The coastal gales of the week were followed by a strong and puffy wind from northwest; the course was a triangle of 1½ miles at the mouth of Little Neck Bay. As the New York Canoe Club is now without a home, the Bayside Yacht Club very kindly offered its house and floats for the use of the club during the race. Two canoes, *Musketeer* and *Fawn*, were dismasted, and *Leprecaun* was disabled before the start. *Mab* led on the first leg, but as she came on the wind for the second, *Mermaid* overtook her. The seat of the latter cut *Mab's* mizzen sheet, and she herself capsized. Though disqualified, Friede continued the race and led at the finish. *Loon* was timed at 47–46 for the course, with *Mannequin* 48–06. *Centaur* carried away her mizzenmast and discarded the wreck, being disqualified for not bringing home her complete equipment.

The second trial was started on Saturday in a very light S.W. wind, the order at the finish being *Centaur*, *Loon*, *Mermaid*, *Mab*, *Mannequin*, *Fawn*, *Leprecaun*, *Dolphin* and *Musketeer*, *Apache* not finishing. A third race was set for the afternoon but there was not enough wind for a start and on Sunday the same conditions prevailed. At 5:30 P.M. the committee abandoned all hope of further trials and selected *Loon* and *Mermaid* to defend the trophy.

The first race of the international series was sailed on September 1st, in a very light northerly breeze, the course being four rounds of a triangle, nine nautical miles in all. With the first leg to windward, *Valiant* made a good start, being first away. *East Anglian* set out to protect *Valiant*, but neither could hold the lighter canoes. *Mermaid* led *Loon* for two rounds, but was passed on the third. At the second buoy of the fourth round *East Anglian* turned short, and her centerboard, with its 5-foot draft, caught the buoy rope and drew the buoy to her, causing her to withdraw. The elapsed times were:

Loon	1–59–22
Mermaid	1–59–48
Valiant	2–01–46
East Anglian	Dis.

There was no wind on Saturday morning, though it had been planned to start at eleven o'clock. About 2.00 P.M. the wind came in southwest, drawing, as it usually does, from the south out of Little Neck Bay while southwest outside between the forts. Again *Valiant* won the start, with *East Anglian* second. With the wind to their liking the visitors gained on the lighter canoes, especially

"Mermaid," sailed by Leo Friede. The lighter American boats could not hold the larger British canoes in a breeze

"Dolphin," one of the American boats, sailed in the elimination series by William Bruns, Jr.

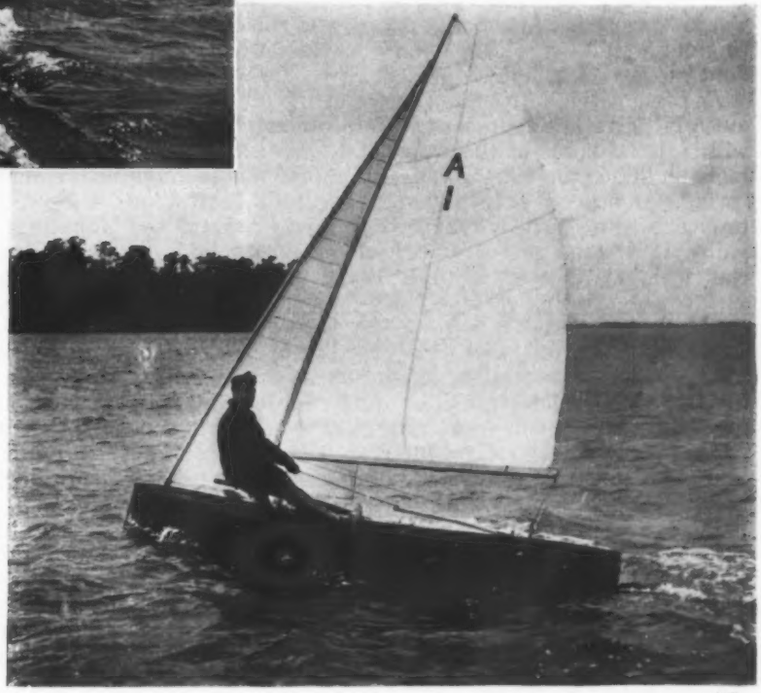
Uffa Fox (right) sailing "East Anglian" in the international series. The rig is typical of the British canoes and contains 112 square feet

on the windward legs. *Valiant* led the fleet, while *East Anglian*, playing the part of Leporello to *Mermaid's* Masetto, took second place in the middle of the race and warded off the more dangerous opponent, *Loon* dropping badly astern in spite of the masterly balancing of her skipper. The finish was timed:

Valiant	1–32–00
East Anglian	1–33–24
Mermaid	1–34–11
Loon	1–35–13

The wind still held on Sunday, and from the same quarter; the course was reversed, buoys to port, which proved a mistake, as the first leg was run "winged out" and the second was not a true windward course. *East Anglian* was first over and this time fought for the lead and held it after the first leg. *Mermaid* parted her mizzen sheet, and though her crew was able to tie the ends the knot interfered on one tack and she fell astern until it was useless to continue. *Loon* sailed a good race, picking up at times off the wind, especially as it lightened, but never catching *Valiant*. The finish:

East Anglian	1–27–52
Valiant	1–30–01
Loon	1–30–18
Mermaid	D.N.F.



Why Paint Your Boat in the Fall?

Many Reasons Why the Cruiser and Racer Alike Should Be Painted and Varnished in the "Off" Season

By W. P. MOORE

ALONG about the last week in September, or the first week in October, the average yachtsman takes his craft to a yacht yard to lay up on dry land for the winter. The yard hauls her out, washes off the weeds, barnacles and gunk from the bottom, slaps on the winter cover, and leaves her to her own devices until spring rolls around.

When the March winds have lost their sting, Mr. Owner gets his annual attack of yachting fever. Down to the yard he goes, to inspect his good ship and give instructions for "fitting-out" for another season on the water. She doesn't look any too good. The hull has dried out quite a bit, seams have opened, and will open still further before she goes into the water. And he is quite perturbed to find that much of the bright work doesn't look at all well — it has dulled, and even disintegrated in spots, and the wood has "weathered," necessitating scraping and complete refinishing to make a respectable job of it.

Well, he gives his orders to the yard. The yard does its best in the spring rush season. Overboard goes the boat — and does she leak? You bet she does. So much so that a man has to stay aboard all night to pump, or the water will be over the floor boards and into lockers. In a day or two she is fairly tight, but it takes anywhere from a week to a month before she is as tight as she was the previous season. And now she has parallel rows of squeezed-out putty all along her bottom — fine spots for collecting a crop of grass and barnacles.

All of which leads to a bit of thinking and investigating. And the answer to our inquiries is, that if the boat had been properly laid up in the fall, much of the grief would have been avoided, hull and bright work would have been in far better shape, and the cost of fitting out would have been less. So let's see what can be done along this line.

As soon as the bottom has been cleaned off and dried out a bit, give it a good coat of anti-fouling paint. This will seal the pores of the wood and keep some of the moisture in, so the boat won't have gaping seams in the spring. Any good anti-fouling paint, red, brown, or bronze, will do. The "vehicle," or liquid part of the paint, is a wood preservative, and a splendid foe of that insidious disease, dry rot. You'll have a splendid surface for the final coat of anti-fouling paint in the spring.

Many individuals, and many yards, apply a coat of red lead and oil, or straight linseed oil, as a winter coating. It looks swell — but don't do it. Linseed oil isn't nearly so good a wood preservative as the vehicle in copper paint. And during the winter, it dries to a shell-like hardness. It is the grandest feeding ground for marine growths in the world. And your spring coat of copper paint can't impregnate the wood, as it should, to preserve it. Again, all good anti-fouling paints gradually wash off — they are made that way. The paint people call this process "exfoliation," for years of experimentation has shown that the best way to get rid of any marine growth — grass, barnacles, mussels, etc., is to give it an insecure footing. Mr. Barnacle may get a foothold, but suddenly exfoliation gets in its work, and he is cast adrift — and is gone for good.

Now, when the paint begins to wash off, you're quite all right if you have plenty of copper paint on your bottom. But if you have an undercoating of red lead paint, or linseed oil, you are in for a bad time. Barnacles, weeds and mussels will show up in no time at all — and increase and grow with astonishing rapidity. And Mr. Teredo, or some other type of wood borer, will have a wonderful opportunity to get in his deadly work.

So paint your bottom with anti-fouling paint — it will keep her from opening up when the warm spring winds begin to blow, preserve the planking from dry rot, and provide the proper surface for repelling marine growths and worms.

So far, we've had cruising craft in mind. With racing craft, conditions are different — the racing man is not so much concerned with anti-fouling as he is with getting a smooth, hard bottom which will be as slippery as it can be made. For "skin friction" is one of the greatest enemies to speed through the water. Wherefore, get the smoothest, slipperiest bottom possible. And the time to do it — really the *only* time — is in the fall and winter.

Racing bottom paints are a different breed of cat from the ordinary anti-fouling paints. They are "hard" paints — exactly the opposite of the "soft" paints, as the exfoliating varieties are called. For a racing bottom must be rubbed and polished — no "soft" paint will do. And to get a smooth, hard bottom, you must start in the fall. Several coats are necessary, with a good rub-down of each coat. This is called "building up the surface." By spring, the various coats have dried as hard as glass, and can be rubbed and polished as often as you wish.

No racing boat should have her bottom painted during the season. Racing paint takes several days or a week to harden properly, and be ready for a rub. Being thin, it takes two or more coats for any kind of a job. Wherefore, have your racing bottom "built up" during the winter if you want a real racing surface which will last all summer.

Few, if any, hard racing paints have any anti-fouling qualities worth mentioning. One of the best has none whatever — the paint maker has expended his best efforts in making a hard, long-wearing, slippery paint, rather than an anti-fouling paint. Frequent haul-outs and rubbings are necessary to keep a racing bottom in prime condition.

When it comes to topsides, their treatment will depend upon their condition. Generally speaking, a coat of "flat" paint is highly desirable in the fall, to keep the hull from opening up. One coat of gloss paint in the spring will then be all that is necessary to complete an A-1 job.

Varnish makers have done wonders towards perfecting a product which produces a brilliant, tough, long-wearing surface. But it won't last forever. When you lay up in the fall, it may look fairly well, but salt water and sun have begun to get in their work. During the winter disintegration continues, slowly but surely, so that by

(*Continued on page 84*)

"Stowaway," on an overall length of 38 feet, is one of the smallest Diesel cruisers in operation. She is from designs by John G. Alden

Operating a Small Diesel

By H. J. BROWN

THE Editor has been good enough to ask me to tell for the benefit of the interested readers of the story, "*Stowaway, a Small Diesel Cruiser,*" which appeared in the February number of YACHTING, what my experience has been in owner-operation of the engine.

As was told in the article in question, one of the specifications under which *Stowaway* was designed and built was that there should be no readily inflammable or explosive fuel below deck. For although I am familiar with all grades of dynamite, I have had some experience with gasoline, and I feel much safer with the former. I wished to have neither as shipmates below.

This specification, I felt, would make for as safe a power cruiser as it was possible to have, for although I shall not contend that the fuel used in Diesel engines is not inflammable, it is by no means readily so; being nonvolatile, it can be ignited only with difficulty. Safety — "Safety first," as well as "Women and children first" — should be remembered by yachtsmen, particularly when it comes to the selection of power plants for their craft.

It seems to me that the selection of a power plant entails a number of responsibilities. First, that the engine chosen shall be not only safe in itself but that the fuel shall also be safe for use aboard the boat in question under the conditions of installation. Second, that the power plant shall be entirely reliable; that it shall have the inherent *habit* of getting you there and back — always. Third, that it shall be reasonably simple in operation, maintenance and adjustment, to permit, if desire or need demand, of owner-operation. Fourth, that the cost of operation and maintenance shall be reasonable and in keeping with the spirit of true economy.

In setting forth these four points, you will note that I have failed to include first cost as important. I do so purposely because my inquiries failed to find a difference in price, between the Diesel, with its desirable features, and the conventional marine engine using other fuel, sufficient to influence the man who finds it possible to own a first class cruiser and who demands untroubled sleep, at anchor or alongside the dock — to say nothing of security at sea.

The first of our points, therefore, hardly needs further comment. Its validity is recognized by the lower rates of insurance charged on Diesel craft, although it does seem that this differential is insufficient, considering the experience of the Underwriters.

Reliability, however, our second point of consideration, is an entirely different matter. On this point I speak from experience with none other than my own engine, although I have found owners of other makes, similar in size, who spoke with equal conviction. So it would seem that, as a source of power for the smaller cruiser, this class of Diesel has come to stay.

Now, reliability is a quality inherent in design and manufacture. To be reliable, a Diesel, or any other engine, must receive the proper care and adjustment and not be subjected to "tinkeritis." No engine will perform properly in starting with the switch in the wrong position or the fuel shut off, or with injectors or valves improperly set. I know this from experience, but even after four years with my engine I now and then try to run with the fuel line shut off.

Four seasons together makes for understanding and mutual respect. I was very much in love with *Stowaway* when she was delivered to me, late in 1930, but I was extremely shy both of her and of the engine — which is as it should be. On the first cruise I inveigled Dwight Simpson to go with me down to the America's Cup Races, off Newport. I was so shy that whenever we were making a landing or coming alongside any other craft I always contrived to handle the lines, or, by means of some excuse or other, get Simpson to take the wheel. But I learned in time. On engine lore, the representative of the company which sold me the engine, lectured me at length — and demonstrated in the same measure — until I thought I knew enough. I do not know what I should have done without the ready counsel of representative and builder in time of trouble. Probably, *Stowaway* and I would have been divorced.

But, just as the path of true love is seldom smooth, so it was with *Stowaway* and me. When she was new both my boy and I had a feeling that the "outside generator," as we called it, used as a standby for battery charging and electric lighting, should be run as seldom as possible. There was thus installed a set of change-over switches on the electrical switch-board which made it possible to charge the lighting batteries from the motor-generator on the main engine. So firmly fixed was this feeling that as soon as we were underway the switches would be thrown over by one of us. Inevitably, this action eventually resulted in the engine failing to start by having the wrong batteries and the wrong voltage applied to the starter. Two experiences of this sort, and I felt that we had learned our lesson, but it took a third and more serious one to drive it home. I call it my "Tale of Tinkeritis," or, "Why the engine would not start."

It was mid-October, and *Stowaway* was bound for Boothbay Harbor and the winter lay-up. Late in the afternoon, off Portland Lightship, in a fog, I stopped the engine to adjust an injector plunger which had been giving intermittent trouble by sticking ever since we had left Marblehead that morning. I went below into the engine room, leaving my son at the wheel. Forgetting my training entirely, I fussed over the troublesome injector for a matter of ten minutes or so, with the result that I accomplished nothing whatever. Feeling that no great harm could be done other than to foul that particular injector nozzle and possibly dilute the oil in the crankcase to some extent, I gave the order to start the engine. I noticed then that she turned somewhat sluggishly and that as soon as the throttle was thrown up to compress the charge of air and fire the fuel, she would quit. Suspecting nothing, however, we tried her again and again — until she would turn over no more. The batteries were drained! Then it was that we discovered that one of us had thrown the change-over switches to charge the lighting batteries. We had used up our batteries trying to start on too low a voltage. Lesson number three — and we were out in the fog, offshore.

We hoisted sail, and I was grateful for *Stowaway's* bit of canvas. We sailed all night in a breeze that finally died to a breath, so that at dawn the tide had no difficulty in setting us so close to Cushing's Island that anchoring became imperative. The anchor dragged, so I put over the 125-pounder in a hurry. It held with the rode straight up and down within a good "spit" of the rocks. Two Coast Guard "chasers" failed to hear our hail and passed us by, but a pair of friendly fishermen towed us into the harbor later in the morning.

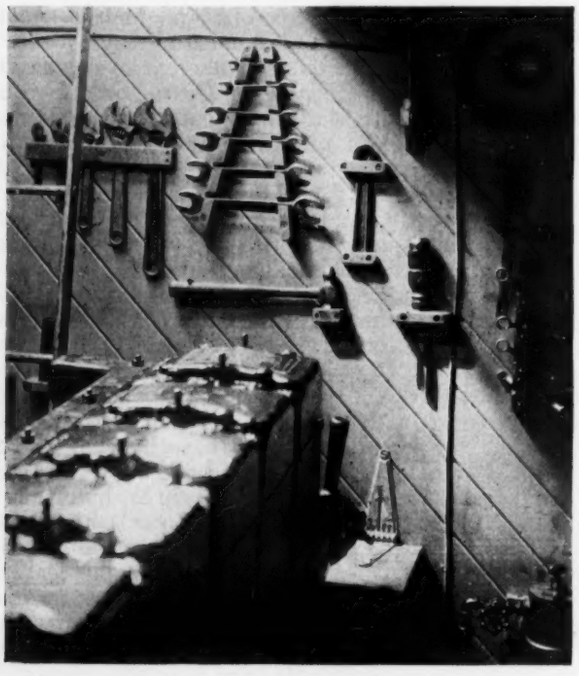
Aside from this experience, or others of a similar nature (such as shut off fuel) which cannot be blamed upon the Diesel, *Stowaway's* engine has never failed to start when called upon. Moreover, when started it has never stopped until the throttle was closed. It seems to have the *habit* of taking you there and back.

Injector fouling, with consequent smoking at the exhaust, is the main difficulty I have experienced; but I confess I am more particular in this respect than most, if I may judge from the trail other Diesel-powered craft leave behind them, whether fishermen, big schooners, or swanky yachts. I want a clean exhaust, and much as I hate the dirty job of changing and cleaning injector cups, I am not averse to doing the job when necessary. If I were satisfied to leave a smoky trail behind *Stowaway*, I might get greatly increased service from a set of injector cups between cleanings.

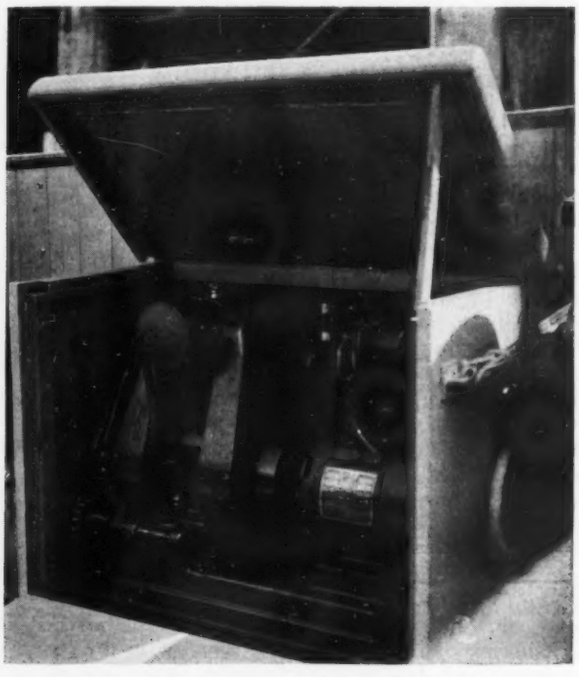
During the first season of operation, the maximum service obtained from a set of injector cups before cleaning was from fifteen to twenty hours, and it takes me from four to six hours to take out the old cups, clean them and replace them — to say nothing of the time required to clean myself at the end of the process. The second season was no better!

At the beginning of the third season, 1932, a new type of cylinder head had been developed by the makers of my engine. This consisted of a copper injector housing spun into the head, in place of the injector seat and housing cast in. The theory as explained to me, was that the copper seat and housing would transfer the

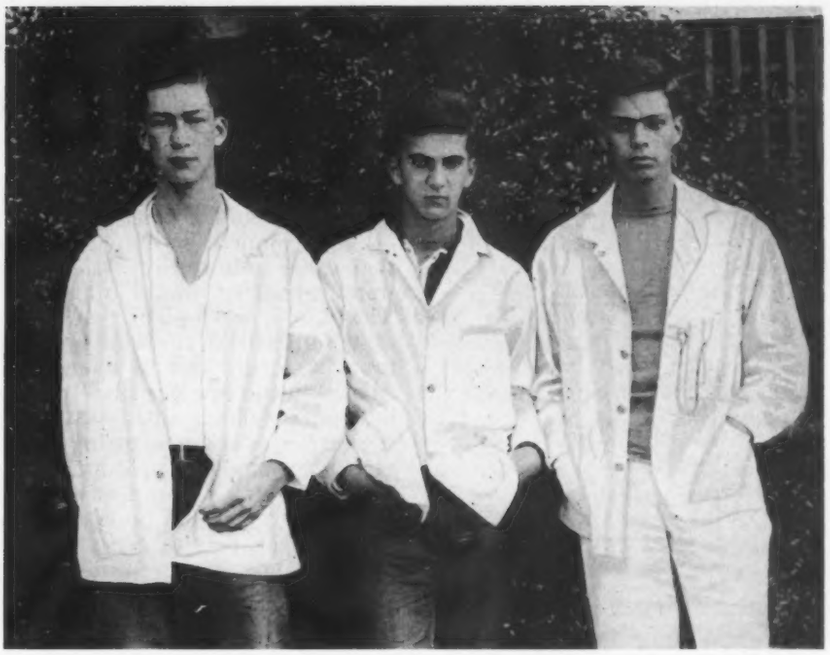
(Continued on page 84)



Looking forward in "Stowaway's" engine room



The "outside generator" for charging batteries and for lights



The winning crew in the junior competition. Left to right, Theodore Robie, Frank B. Jewett, Jr., skipper, and Roland Chase, of the Vineyard Haven Yacht Club

The Junior Championship

Vineyard Haven Wins for Second Time in Three Years

By WILLIAM U. SWAN

THE junior crew of the Vineyard Haven Yacht Club, composed of Captain Frank B. Jewett, Jr., of Short Hills, N. J., Theodore Robie, of New York, and Roland Chase, of Tisbury, Mass., won the thirteenth junior championship held this year under the auspices of the Eastern Point Yacht Club. This is the second time in three years that this club has won the series.

The eight crews which assembled at Gloucester the last week in August were the survivors of sectional struggles in which fifty-two clubs were represented, the largest entry in the history of this interesting and inspiring event. As many of the clubs were compelled to hold local eliminations, something over two hundred boys and girls under eighteen were aspirants this year for junior title honors. In addition, two new districts entered the series this year, Madison Beach, Conn., representing the Eastern Connecticut Y. R. A., and a crew from Vermillion, Ohio, representing the Great Lakes for the first time. Incidentally, the Lake Erie boys earned part of their expenses by waiting on table during their fortnight in Gloucester.

All hands displayed a general knowledge of the game, together with considerable sailing ability, but the spinnaker work was a trifle below the standard of that of crews in previous years.

The Vineyard Haven boys started with a rush by beating Westerly in the initial event by ten seconds, but the latter came back in the second race and tied the score, Vineyard being second. Westerly had the third race well in hand, but let their boat get in irons in the turn for the finish so that Bay Shore and Vineyard Haven nosed them out. Westerly again took the lead in the fourth stanza, only to lose it on the second leg by accepting two luffing match challenges and finishing sixth, with Vermillion winning, and Duxbury and Vineyard Haven in second and third places, respectively.

Vineyard Haven established a good lead on total points by winning the fifth race, leaving Duxbury and Westerly tied for second place on points. But in the next contest, which Larchmont won, Vineyard Haven finished last, thus placing Duxbury in a threatening position.

Duxbury won a third place in the seventh race, and, as Vineyard Haven took fifth, the two went into the last race practically tied, with the rest of the fleet out of the running. In the duel which resulted, Captain Jewett outmaneuvered Captain Lawson before the start, and kept him covered all the way to the windward mark. Jewett maintained his lead to the finish, and Vineyard Haven took the title, with 44½ points to Duxbury's 42.

The Larchmont boys almost retrieved themselves by taking the last three races, the sixth by three seconds over Duxbury, and the eighth by one second over Vermillion.

After the series, as well as before, the twenty-four young sailors agreed that the original system of changing boats after each race, instead of each crew chartering one boat and sailing it throughout the series, was the more equitable. The final point score follows:

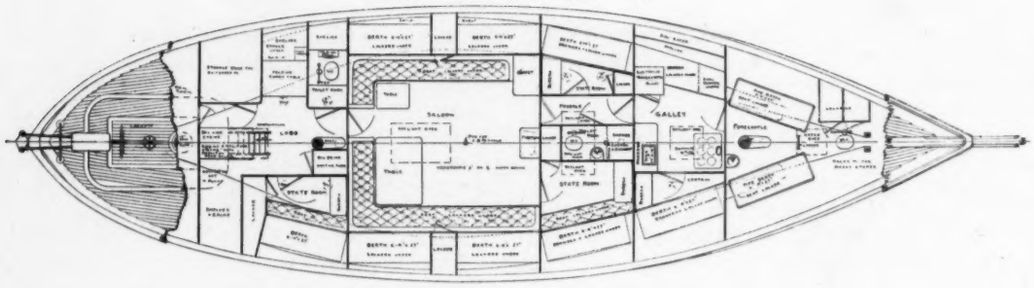
	Captain	*Points*
Vineyard Haven	Frank B. Jewett, Jr.	44½
Duxbury	Ralph Lawson, Jr.	42
Larchmont	Robert N. Bavier, Jr.	41¾
Westerly	Daniel F. Larkin, Jr.	39¼
Vermillion	Herbert Myers	36¼
Bay Shore	Downer Buhrer	32¼
Madison Beach	Burgess Fisher	28
Pleon	George Poor	25

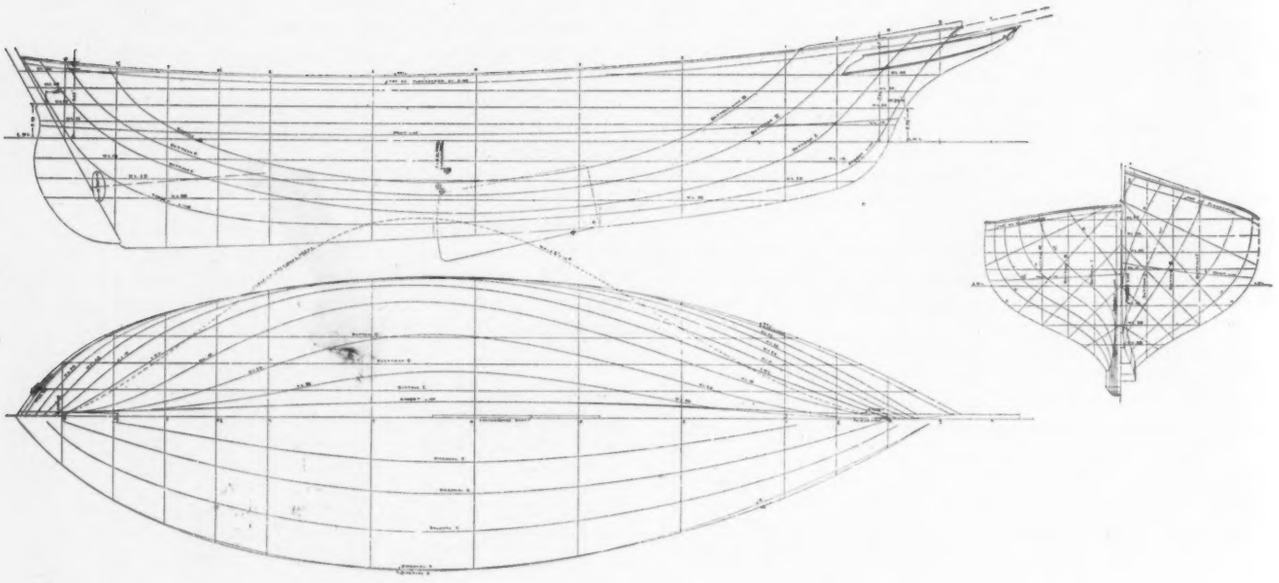
One of the Largest Boats Produced by the Cruising Club Competition

An unusual, but graceful and commodious centerboard "bugeye yacht" designed by Charles H. Hall, of New York. One of the largest designs submitted, she is 72' o.a., 63' l.w.l., 21' 3" beam, and 8' 4" draft. The total sail area is 3090 square feet, in contrast to only 1452 square feet in the sloop on the opposite page, which, however, rates the same as this big "bugeye"

IN THE September issue of YACHTING the three prize winning designs in the Cruising Club designing competition were published with a footnote that other noteworthy designs of the forty-one which were submitted would appear in subsequent issues. This month we present two distinctly contrasting designs to illustrate the wide range of types that the rule brought forth, and to show that considerable of a "hole" in the rule must be "plugged." On this and the next page we have a 63-foot waterline ketch, with 3090 square feet of sail area, rating the same as, and therefore giving no handicap to a little 41-foot waterline sloop, with only 1452 square feet of sail area. Obviously, the big "bugeye" would be much faster than the sloop in any weather, except, perhaps, in beating to windward in light winds. And even the "bugeye" would undoubtedly be outsailed by the prize winners and by one or two other larger designs which have not yet been published.

The lines of the "bugeye" indicate an easily driven hull, particularly off the wind, and the sections show a beamy boat with ample stability. The rig should be easy to handle, but the addition of a bumpkin might be advisable and should improve the appearance of the slightly abrupt stern. Below decks the layout is one of the best seen in any of the designs submitted.





One of the Smallest Boats Produced by the Cruising Club Competition

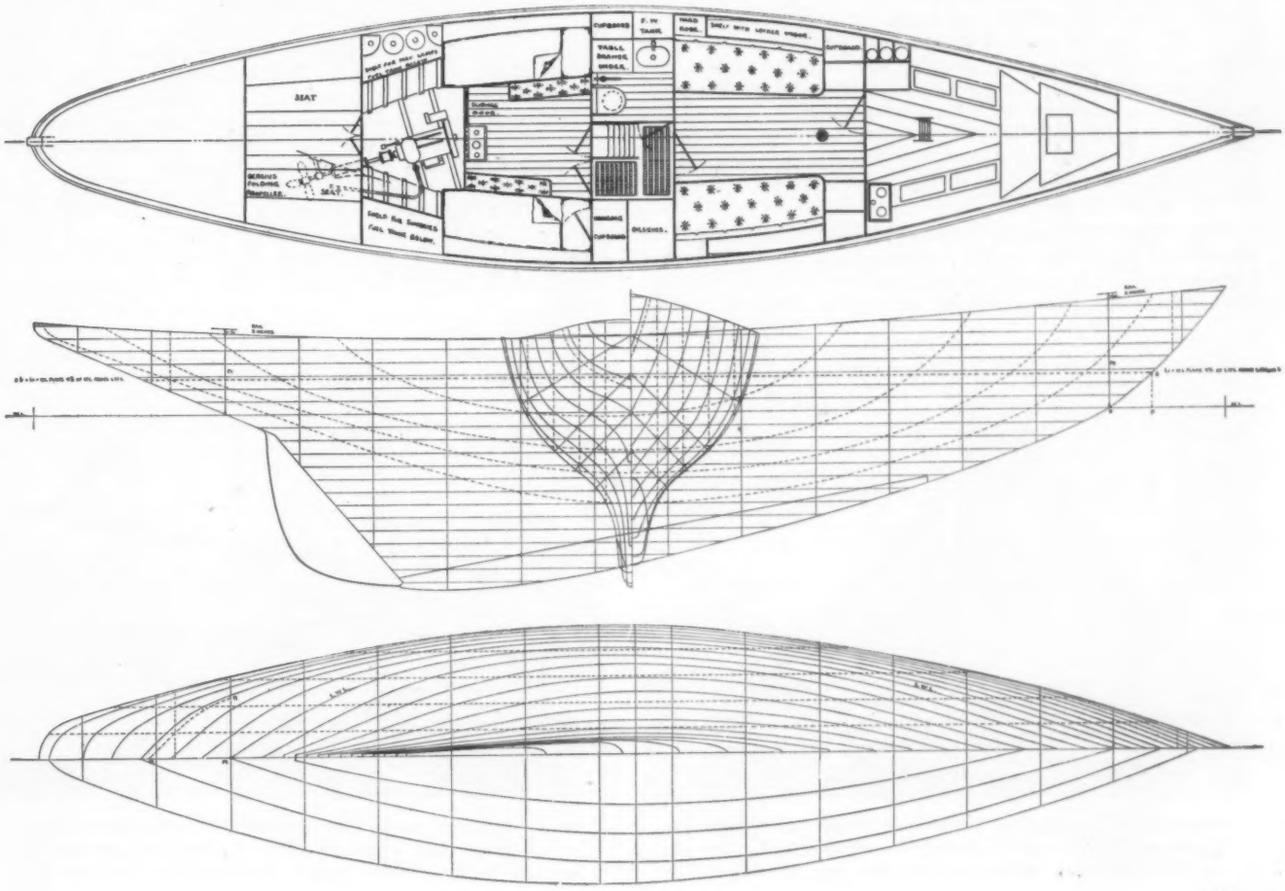
IN CONTRAST to the time-honored "bugeye" rig on the opposite page, we present this modern sloop with a lofty rig in comparison to the broader spread of sail on the "bugeye," and a boat which must depend on considerable ballast in the keel for stability. Her "wine glass" sections and narrow beam should make her relatively fast on the wind, but it scarcely seems possible that she would be able to sail with the "bugeye," whose waterline length is 22 feet longer, in anything but the lightest of airs.

With a handy inboard rig, she should be unusually easy to handle and would make a fine little ocean racer for those who would not object to the limited quarters resulting from her narrow beam, and if she were competing under a more equitable rule. However, it was to discover just such comparisons as are illustrated here that the designing competition was instigated, and from this viewpoint, the competition — not the rule — is a success.

Illustrative of the widespread interest shown in the competition is this design which comes from the board of a British architect, Gerard H. Gandy, of Hong Kong, China. Besides the many designs submitted by American architects, designs came from Canada, England, and the Argentine.

Neither of the two designs shown here, nor those that will be published in forthcoming issues, were given any further classification or honorable mention.

The smallest boat entered in the Cruising Club designing competition, she is 55′ 5″ o.a., 41′ 1″ l.w.l., 12′ beam, and 8′ 3″ draft. The total sail area is 1452 square feet. "Dorota," as she has been named, was designed by Gerard H. Gandy, of the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club, China. Decidedly modern in comparison to the "bugeye," she would not be able to sail with the bigger boat



"Rugosa II" in the Gibson Island Race

AT THE start of the ocean race to Gibson Island late in June, participated in by almost a record-breaking fleet, several attempted port tack starts resulted in situations that spoiled the start of some of the other yachts and which might have resulted in serious damage except for quick handling and judgment. In the account of the incident in the August issue of YACHTING one of the contestants involved takes exception to several statements of fact as made by the writer of the article, as far as they concern his yacht, the *Rugosa II*, owned and sailed by Mr. Russell Grinnell. It is only fair, therefore, to give Mr. Grinnell's account of the start, as he saw it. This contradicts in several particulars the published account of this incident. He says (relating *Rugosa's* maneuver):

"I undertook a port tack start at the east end of the line for the purpose of avoiding the inevitable jam at the west end, and with the expectation that the other yachts would cross well clear of the committee boat, so that I would have plenty of room at the line and get a start to leeward, but with a clear wind.

"When I headed for the line I felt sure I was safe for clearance of *Shawara*, and also as to time, until I heard the seconds being called off by the committee. I then bore off about two points, but almost immediately realized that I would foul *Shawara*, and that already I was probably over too early, so I came up on the wind again. *Shawara* just ticked the end of my mizzen boom and I did not know she bore off until Mr. Tillinghast told me so at Gibson Island. It must have been very little, as I was watching her closely. Shortly after crossing the line I went on the starboard tack and swung off around the committee boat. (Compare photograph on page 26 (August) of YACHTING; Committee boat, right; *Shawara* and *Teragram*, center; *Rugosa*, extreme left.)

"The *Teragram* gave me no anxiety whatever; she was too far away, and your Associate Editor's statement that she nearly scalped the helmsman of the *Shawara* with her bowsprit confirms this and indicates that she was over fifty feet from the *Rugosa II* at that moment, and could not have been nearer at any time. I saw her bear off but thought at the time, and still believe, that it was to avoid crossing the line too soon.

"I freely admit that by an error in judgment I made a mess of this start, but maintain that, having done so, I extricated myself from a bad situation with the least possible interference with others. I caused no damage and only slight inconvenience to *Shawara*, and it is beyond belief that I should be subjected to such unfair criticism and abuse."

In the heat of the race the incident probably assumed greater proportions than were really warranted and called from the writer of the article in question some extremely harsh criticism. That this took a personal tinge, we regret. Personal feelings often lead to unfair criticism and have no place in a balanced account of a yacht race. Everyone has a right to attempt a port tack start if he so elects, and if he does not get away with it and fouls others who have right-of-way, disqualification should be the penalty, and not personal criticism.

In this race there was also considerable speculation regarding the eligibility of the New York "Forties" for the cruising division. The facts are that the conditions of the race specifically stated the requirements for this division, such as length of overhangs, ratio of ballast to displacement, etc. With all of these requirements, the New York "Forties" complied. In fact, two of them had taken part in at least four Bermuda races. Under the circumstances the committee had no choice but to place them where they did. To question by innuendo the measurement certificate of the official measurer of the New York Yacht Club as regards their ballast ratio is unjust and uncalled for, unless one has facts and figures to confirm his doubt. In such case a formal protest on measurement is the only recourse. No such protest has ever been made.

\+ + +

Tennes Wins Hearst Cup at Chicago

THE second annual regatta for the William Randolph Hearst Gold Cup for outboards, held this year on August 20th, at Chicago, resulted in the winning of the cup by Horace Tennes for the second time. Tennes also took two first place prizes.

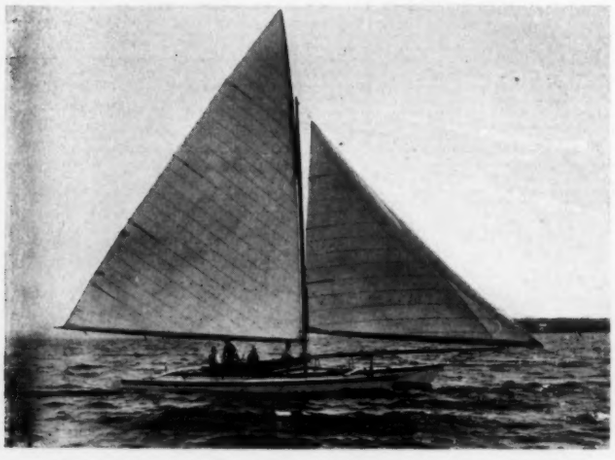
A majority of the 280 men and women drivers from all over the country who sent in their entries actually raced in the short oval course laid out on the north lagoon of the exposition grounds.

The fastest official time ever attained on this course for a Class B motor was made by H. H. Turk, who won the Class B professional event at a speed of 46.21 m.p.h. Hilda Mueller, Bob Meyer, Art Sauerberg, J. T. Milliken, Arrel Reinking, and Tommy Estlick were some of the stars who appeared.

In Class F, Division II, Charles Cabot showed his stern to Walter Everett, of Tulsa, Okla., traveling at 47.38 m.p.h. Another Easterner, Paul Sawyer, took the honors in the Class B, Division I championships, after three eliminating heats, winning at exactly 40 m.p.h. Lewis G. Carlisle, of East Islip, L. I., who barely missed taking the Gold Cup on points, captured first place in the Class C, Division I race, speeding up to 40.72 m.p.h. for the four laps. The summaries:

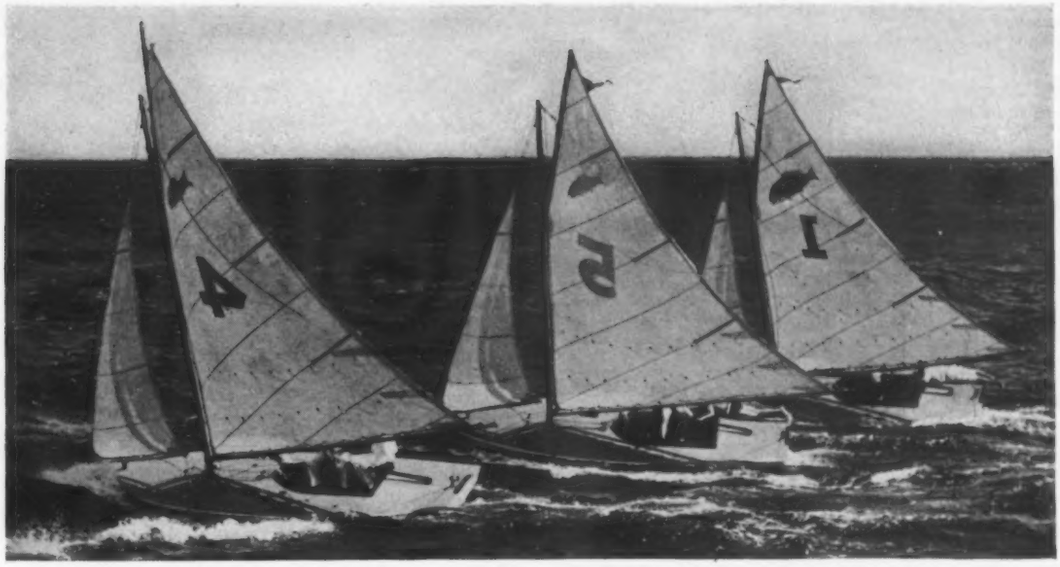
A-I: Horace Tennes, 34.75 m.p.h.; A-II: Dick Neal, 36.43 m.p.h.; B-I: Paul Sawyer, 40 m.p.h.; B-II: H. H. Turk, 41.81 m.p.h.; C-I: Lewis Carlisle, 40.72 m.p.h.; C-II: Carl Flock, 32.47 m.p.h.; F-I: Horace Tennes, 45.45 m.p.h.; F-II: Charles Cabot, 47.38 m.p.h.; Runabouts: Charles E. Schuman, 39.47 m.p.h.

JACK WARING, JR.



And now the catamaran! A new boat of this type recently designed and built by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co. for use on the Great Lakes, where a racing class may be formed. The

boats are 30 feet on the waterline and carry 900 square feet of sail. During trials speeds of 18 to 19 knots were attained. It has been nearly 50 years since a catamaran has been seen here



Gulf Coast Fish Class boats sailing in a moderate breeze several days before they raced in a hurricane

Racing News of the Month

Pensacola Wins in a Hurricane

A NEW story of the Gulf Coast will be told and retold long into the future — a legend which old-timers of the rocking chair fleets will relate to the youngsters of 1983.

The hero of the yarn will be white-haired Dave Witherill of Pensacola, featured in many another tale of Gulf racing, who, in his 69th year, sailed a 22-foot open Fish Class boat to victory over an exposed course on Tampa Bay in the vicious gusts and smoking seas of the edge of a tropical hurricane! Not only did he outsail the fleet from the start, cover three laps of the course while all but one of the other entries capsized or swamped, but his was the only craft to return under her own canvas to the St. Petersburg Yacht Basin at the conclusion of the final race of the Fish Class championship series for the Sir Thomas Lipton Cup.

An unusual picture of the race was that of Captain Dave hanging to the after edge of his boat's rudder and shouting orders to his crew, a sea having washed him overboard. Two other skippers were washed off the decks of their craft that morning, and several of the boats actually capsized more than once and were righted when crews jumped to the keels before cockpits filled. Capsized craft were still adrift upon the open bay and the Pensacola Y. C. entry was still fighting her way to the protecting harbor when the Coast Guard vessel which acted as judges' boat was dispatched to the Gulf in answer to a distress call.

The outskirts of two West Indian hurricanes, one after the other, dusted the course of the Gulf Yachting Association's fourteenth annual championship meet, held at St. Petersburg, September 2nd to 4th.

The first race was sailed in a strong easterly breeze, caused by a "disturbance" which was rolling westward through the Straits of Florida. Joseph F. Marques, skippering the Pensacola entry, with Witherill, and W. S. Lurton as crew, took the lead early and maintained it throughout the race, which was sailed under single reefs.

The second and third races were sailed the following day in more moderate weather, although a severe squall in the third race gave the contestants plenty to do. F. G. Raysbrook, with T. D. Tyra and B. E. Moore as crew, won the second heat for the U. S. Naval Station at Pensacola. The third race was won by the Southern Y. C. (New Orleans) entry, sailed by Robert Hughes, with James B. Heaslip and Don Chamberlain as crew.

During the night before the fourth and final race, northwest storm warnings were hoisted along the Florida west coast and weather bureau dispatches told of a hurricane crossing the Florida peninsula and heading in the direction of Tampa Bay, due to arrive the day of the last race. Winds of 75 and 100 miles an hour were unofficially reported from the east coast.

The wind was blowing almost gale force when the race was called and the fleet stood to the starting line under double-reefed mainsails.

Witherill gained the lead early in the first lap, during which we aboard the craft patrolling the course predicted that the race would never finish, as the wind continued to increase steadily with the approach of the storm center. The small Fish boats took knockdowns which completely wetted their entire sail. Soon one craft capsized, then another. Witherill was still going strong and increasing his lead, the peak halliard of his craft drawn two blocks and the boom trimmed close home on the desperate windward leg. The skipper of one craft was washed over the stern, then the skipper of another. The two remaining men left aboard were unable to handle the boats and they were unable to save their skippers from the choking seas. Fortunately, power craft patrolling the course rescued the men.

Up the last leg of the last lap, with the crests blowing off the seas in white streaks and pale smoke blowing off the leeches of sails, three craft approached the finish line, widely separated. Witherill's Pensacola Y. C. entry crossed the line and came about to fight her way to shelter. Then the Biloxi entry, sailed by Ed Moore, managed to cross before she went down. The Navy entry, skippered by I. S. K. Reeves, fought a gallant battle toward the line, with jib blown to shreds and taking knockdown after knockdown, but luck was against her and a severe gust off the recreation pier laid her flat.

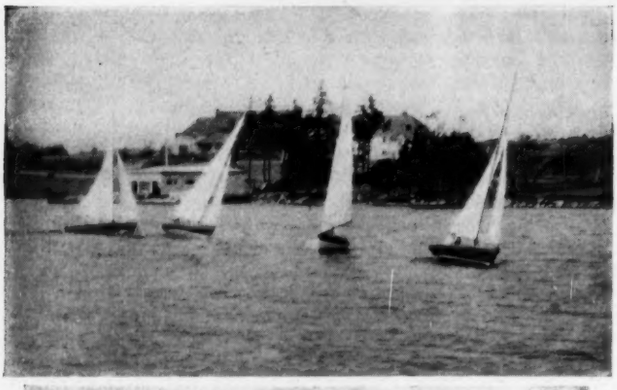
Pensacola once more won the Gulf Championship and the Lipton Cup. Yes, that last race will be an oft-told tale.

Club and Crew	*Total Points*	*Club and Crew*	*Total Points*
Pensacola	24	Geo. Allender	
D. M. Witherill		Chick Deuel	
Jos. F. Marques		Buccaneer	4
W. S. Lurton		Jack Trawrick	
Biloxi	18	Gordon McLean	
Ed. Moore		Edw. Gaston	
A. H. Dantzler		Southern	12
Ed. Tonsmeire		Earl Blouin	
Naval Station	10	Jas. B. Heaslip	
I. S. K. Reeves		Robert Gaston, Jr.	
D. B. Young		Sarasota	16
F. G. Raysbrook		Warren Dunlap	
St. Petersburg	13	Knowles Matheny	
Leon Frush		Charles Matheny	

GIDGE GANDY

The Frostbiters take to fresh water. Many of the fleet from Essex and Mason's Island sailed in the race on Lake Pocotopoug, Conn., August 27th, and are here seen at the dock off Hathaway Inn

Acadian Class knockabouts racing on Lake Milo, N. S., for the Prince of Wales Trophy which was won by the junior crew from the Corinthian Yacht Club, of Marblehead



"Balkis," owned by J. Lee Stanton, won the 232-mile Stamford-Vineyard race on best corrected time of the entire fleet, and took the Class B prize. "Alsumar," Philip Le Boutillier, finished first and took the Class A prize

Corinthian Junior Crew Wins Prince of Wales Trophy

IN A SERIES of hard fought races sailed on Lake Milo, Yarmouth, N. S., in mid-July, a junior crew from the Corinthian Yacht Club, Marblehead, won the Prince of Wales Cup, defeating eight junior crews from American yacht clubs and two Nova Scotia crews. To do this, however, they were pushed hard by the crew of the Eastern Yacht Club, the final round between these two survivors of the earlier rounds going to five full races, Eastern taking two to Corinthian's three. This is the third year that this international junior match has been sailed, each event going to an American club. Last year the cup was won by the crew of the Beverly Yacht Club, while in 1931 the Pleon crew took the series. The winning crew this year consisted of George R. Poor and Arthur Poor.

The races were sailed in Acadian Class knockabouts, 17 feet long over all, designed by Cox and Stevens, and built in Nova Scotia. They carry just under 200 square feet of sail. The series was sailed under the auspices of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.

In order to take care of eleven entries the races were sailed in rounds, the crews being paired and the schedule being worked out so that each of the five boats met each of the others at least once during the series. In each of the preliminary rounds the winner was determined by the best two out of three races, while in the final round three wins out of five were necessary.

The following is a summary of the various rounds:

1st Round, 1st Division: Beverly Yacht Club vs. Eastern Yacht Club. Winner, Beverly, Philip L. Reed, Jr. and Hoyt Watson, two races out of three.

1st Round, 2nd Division: Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron vs. Vineyard Haven Y. C. Winner, Vineyard Haven crew, F. B. Jewett, Jr. and R. D'A. Chase, two straight.

1st Round, 3rd Division: Manchester Y. C. vs. Acadian Y. C. Winner, Manchester, Ivins DeFriez and Wm. Bundy, two out of three.

1st Round, 4th Division: Larchmont Y. C. vs. Manhasset Bay Y. C. Winner, Larchmont, J. W. Keeshan III and Edgar Whiting, two straight.

1st Round, 5th Division: Babylon Y. C. vs. Pleon Y. C. Winner, Pleon, William Haley and John Haley, two out of three.

2nd Round, 1st Division: Vineyard Haven vs. Manchester. Won by Vineyard Haven, two straight.

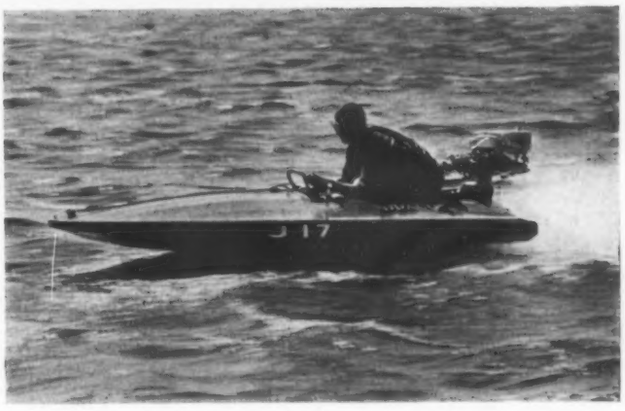
2nd Round, 2nd Division: Larchmont vs. Corinthian Y. C. Winner, Corinthian, George and Arthur Poor, two out of three.

3rd Round, 1st Division: Eastern vs. Vineyard Haven. Won by Eastern crew, two out of three.

3rd Round, 2nd Division: Corinthian vs. Pleon. Winner, Corinthian, two straight.

Final: Corinthian vs. Eastern. Won by Corinthian, three out of five.

Start of the Class B finals of the Middle Atlantic-New England outboard regatta held at Middletown, Conn.



Samuel Crooks, who won in Class C, Division 1, and took the prize for the amateur high point score

Outboard Championships at Middletown

THE Middle Atlantic-New England Championship Regatta held at Middletown, Conn., September 9th and 10th, brought together a fine fleet of outboards driven by some of the best drivers in the Eastern United States, and resulted in some keen racing. As usual, the Middletown course on the Connecticut River proved a popular one both with spectators and drivers. The course was one and one-quarter miles in length, four laps to a race, and is laid out in full view of the Middletown Yacht Club, which handled the event.

The first day of the regatta brought ideal water conditions, and fast time was made, although no records were broken. The nearest approach to a record was in Class A where 15-year-old Clinton Ferguson made a heat at 39.352 miles per hour, the record being 39.84. By the afternoon of the second day a strong northerly wind whipped down the course, setting up a steep chop, particularly at the lower turn, and called for careful driving. So keen was the competition, however, that desire to win often overcame caution and several spills at the lower turn resulted. The program called for a race every 20 minutes, which provided excellent entertainment for spectators and kept the contestants humping. On the first day Class A and C championships were decided, leaving Classes B and F to be run the second day.

In all of the events the amateurs put up more spectacular racing than the professionals. They drove hard and furiously, and on the second day, when the water was so rough that only two heats in the professional Class F race were run, the amateurs insisted on the full three heats, and drove them "all out."

The amateur high point prize for the regatta went to Samuel Crooks, of Rumson, N. J., intercollegiate champion, with James Nunnelly, University of Michigan, second. In the professional division, J. C. Walier, Jr., of Syracuse, was high point winner, taking the Wilcox-Crittenden Trophy. He won both the Class B and C professional crowns, and placed third in Class F. Final standings in the various classes follow:

Class A. Amateur: J. Nunnelly, 1048; C. Ferguson, 1025; J. Rush, 941; L. Slater, 867; J. Van Demen, 736; S. Crooks, 565; B. Maine, 378. *Professional:* Bertram Steacie, 1161; J. F. Yeager, 1050; W. Roberts, 972; F. Eibell, 803; C. Sawyer, 546.

Class B. Amateur: P. B. Sawyer, Jr., 1161; S. Crooks, 937; W. R. Greenough, 666; J. Bowers, 617; Warren Harris, 613. *Professional:* J. C. Walier, 1161; M. H. Eldredge, 1122; F. Jacoby, Jr., 937; R. S. Boles, 869.

Class C. Amateur: Crooks, 906; Ellsworth, 836; L. Franco, 813; E. H. Patterson, 734; Rozette, 596. *Professional:* Walier, 1161; Jacoby, 1122; K. Mackenzie, 902; H. Johnson, 869; L. Roger, 805.

Class F. Amateur: J. G. Plunkett, 1089; C. Wickwire, 1046; Stewart, 580. *Professional:* Mackenzie, 800; Jacoby, 685; Walier, 685; Eldredge, 577.

They won a race off St. Petersburg, Florida, during a hurricane. Dave Witherill, center, and his crew Joseph Marques, left, both soaked but smiling

San Francisco Retains Perpetual Challenge Trophy

ARTHUR ROUSSEAU'S veteran Six-Metre sloop *Maybe* and his consummate knowledge of the myriad tides and eddies of San Francisco Bay are still an unbeatable combination in the Corinthian Yacht Club's defense of the San Francisco Perpetual Challenge Trophy.

Commodore Rousseau proved it for the ninth time in eleven years, on August 27th, when he sailed *Maybe* to victory over Tommy Lee and his Los Angeles challenger *Caprice*, of the California Yacht Club. *Maybe* covered the tricky 14.4-mile course in 2 hours, 52 minutes, 19 seconds, beating *Caprice* by a comfortable margin of 2 minutes, 14 seconds.

Starting off the Marina in a very light southwester, Lee got *Caprice* away with a beautiful lead and the weather advantage over *Maybe*, which the challenger increased on the one-mile beat to Presidio Shoals, to round the committee boat 22 seconds ahead.

But on the four-mile spinnaker run down the bay to Goat Island Shoals, *Maybe* came up with the freshening breeze like an express train and caught *Caprice* off Alcatraz Island. The two "Sixes" boiled down the bay neck-and-neck, until, within a stone's throw of the leeward marker, Lee, for some unaccountable reason, jibbed *Caprice* and gave up the lead, never to regain it.

Maybe gained on the three-mile broad reach down to Southampton Shoals and started the long beat home, past Angel and Alcatraz Islands, with a margin of one minute over *Caprice*. As the boats turned to windward against the strong incoming tide, *Caprice* almost caught *Maybe* when the defender slipped into a flat spot off Alcatraz Island, but the challenger, in turn, worked too close to the Army transport piers and thereby lost all chance of victory. *Maybe* rounded Presidio Shoals with a lead of 1 minute, 18 seconds, which she nearly doubled on the final run to the finish.

The race was Lee's second try for the 38-year-old challenge cup. He sailed *Caprice* against *Maybe* in 1929 and was beaten by 29 seconds after a classic struggle in a hard breeze.

The trophy was won from the San Francisco Yacht Club for the Corinthians, of Belvedere, by Lester Stone, in 1922, and Rousseau has defended it almost annually since, except in 1932, when Myron Spaulding successfully took up the burden with the Bird Class sloop *Loon*.

WADLO DRAKE

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Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. Takes International Series

THE Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club of Montreal, and the Lake St. Regis Yacht Club located on Lake St. Regis in northern New York, sailed a series of team races in August which resulted in a win for the Canadian crews by a score of 48 to 36. The races were not nearly as one-sided as the point score indicates, and, apart from one race in which the Royal St. Lawrence crews finished first, second and third, there was not much to choose between the two teams of three crews each.

Two races were sailed on Lake St. Louis, on August 13th, which gave the R. St. L. Y. C. a lead of ten points. A week later the two teams met again on Lake St. Regis, with the Canadians adding two points to their lead, thus giving them the series by a margin of twelve points.

For the races on Lake St. Louis six 27-foot sloops belonging to the Royal St. Lawrence E Class were used, these being shoal draft, bilgeboard craft quite different in design from the Inland Lakes E Class. It is hardly likely that any of the competing crews will forget the afternoon of August 12th, when a fierce squall swept over the lake as the six boats were preparing for the start. Five of the six capsized, the sixth having taken shelter in time. No serious damage was incurred and the crews came out of it with nothing worse than a ducking, but racing had to be cancelled for the day. On the 13th, however, two good races were sailed. In the first the Royal St. Lawrence had a slight margin, the score being 11 to 10; but the Canadians really cinched the series in the next race, which they won by 15 to 6, making the score 26 to 16.

The following week-end the scene shifted to Lake St. Regis, where each team was made up of two Class E scows and one Idem Class sloop, the latter being 36-feet centerboard craft. In the third race of the series the Americans scored their first win by a score of 11 to 10, but their rivals came back strong and took the final race by 12 to 9 — and the series by 48 to 36.

"Minel," a new 49-foot schooner designed by C. D. Mower for R. K. Walling, of Philadelphia, and built by the Mathis Yacht Building Company

The Royal St. Lawrence crews thoroughly deserved their win; their skippers showed to better advantage, their crew work was superior and they excelled in team work. But their margin of superiority was not great and the Lake St. Regis sailors made a very creditable showing against their more experienced opponents.

The Royal St. Lawrence crews were as follows: J. C. Hunter, skipper, G. S. Hamilton and J. Ritchie; A. P. B. Shearwood, skipper, S. Maxwell and C. Petch; A. L. Melling, skipper, C. A. Peachey and W. Drysdale. The Lake St. Regis representatives were: A. S. Chace, Jr., skipper, A. Blagden and J. Blagden; S. Spaulding, skipper, F. Chace, and Theo. Pomeroy and J. B. Trevor, Jr., skipper, S. Rauch and A. Monroe.

BEAVER

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"Live Yankee" Retains Manhasset Challenge Cup

LIVE YANKEE, the radically designed "R" boat now owned by Schuyler W. Gillespie and sailed throughout the series by Commodore Walter Wheeler, Jr., of the Stamford Yacht Club, successfully defended the historic Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup, which was brought to Stamford last year by *Cotton Blossom*, against Claire Farrand's *Robin*, representing the Larchmont Yacht Club, and Ted Clark's *Astrild*, representing the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club. In a series of three races held Saturday and Sunday, August 19th and 20th, off Stamford, *Live Yankee* took two first places and one second, giving her a comfortable margin over *Robin* and *Astrild*, which placed last in each race.

The first race was called and started on Friday but it was never finished owing to light airs, although the three boats, led by *Astrild*, were within a half mile of the finish line when the time limit gun was fired. On Saturday a race was planned for the morning, but the fog was so thick that the contestants could not find the committee boat, and even the regatta committee, coming out in a club launch, was lost all morning. However, the afternoon race, sailed in a moderate northeaster, was a success and *Live Yankee* finished the 16-mile windward and leeward course with a fairly comfortable lead.

On Sunday two races were scheduled, the first over a triangular course, with two runs and a beat home, which *Live*

Yankee took easily by virtue of a well-handled and enormous parachute spinnaker and her exceptional ability to windward. *Astrild* was sailing a close second to *Live Yankee* and maintained a lead over *Robin* for the first half of the 16-mile course, but on the second leg *Robin* passed her and maintained her position in second place to the finish. A moderate southeast wind blew throughout the day.

In the third and concluding race, held the same afternoon over a 16-mile windward and leeward course, *Robin* took the lead and maintained it throughout the race, although closely pressed by *Live Yankee*. *Live Yankee* needed only a second place to win the series and a third for a tie. She finished second, so the cup remains in Stamford for another year.

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Big Fleet at Inland Lakes Championships

TWELVE Class A scow sloops, 24 Class E boats, and 36 Class C catboats raced for five days on Lake Mendota, Wisconsin, August 21st to 25th, and got nothing better than a 15-mile breeze for all their strategy. This 36th annual Inland Lakes Yachting Association Championship Regatta, held on the beautiful lake at Madison, had a grand turnout of entries, but the wind failed to notice them.

Two things in this year's regatta are worthy of comment: one, that parachute spinnakers, seen for the first time on the inland lakes in '32, were much in evidence in both the sloop classes, A and E; and that the winners of first and second places in the E Class were the same in both 1932 and 1933, something unusual in any fleet, East or West. A. F. Gallun, Jr., of Pine Lake, owner and skipper of *Spumanti III*, led two dozen other Class E Inland Lake scows in points at the close of the final race, and was presented with an armful of awards, outstanding among them the I. L. Y. A. Challenge Trophy, the Pistakee Y. C. Trophy, and the Repeal Trophy. *Mistral XI*, another Pine Lake (Wis.) Y. C. entrant, was second, duplicating her '32 record. Robert E. Friend, the owner, was at the helm. *Lady Luck*, J. M. Hannaford, was third.

Edmund Pillsbury's *Sea Fox*, a newcomer in the class, took the championship with three firsts and a second in the larger Class A sloops, an almost unbeatable record in a four-day event. Skipper Pillsbury represented the Minnetonka Yacht Club, of Minneapolis, which gets the I. L. Y. A. regatta next year. Charles Edwards' *Mistral* was second and *Big Foot* third.

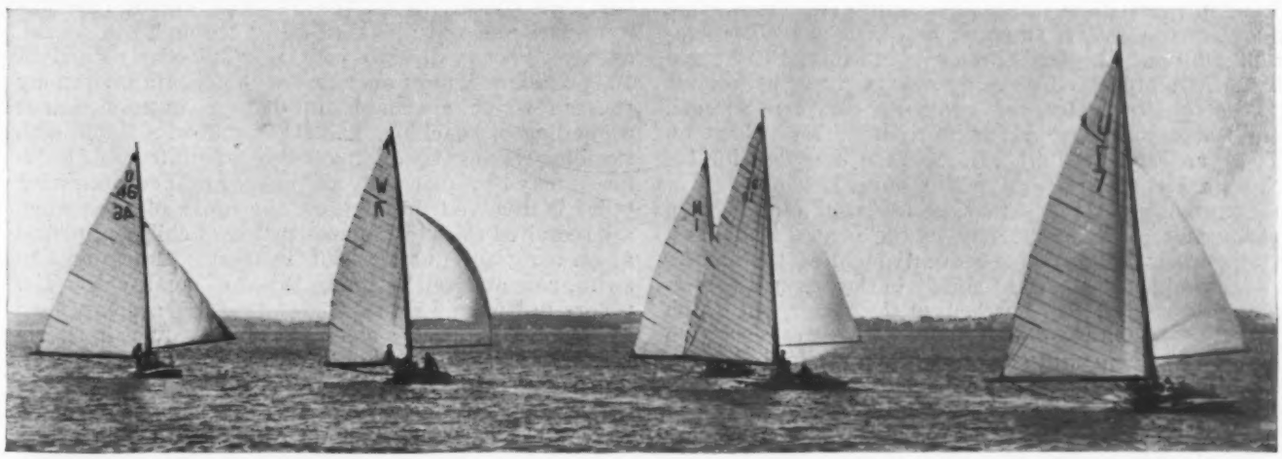
In the catboat class *Gale III*, sailed by H. G. Nye, Jr., of Delavan Lake, took the championship honors, followed by *Calista Ann* and *Arcturus* in second and third places.

On Monday, the first day of the regatta, light airs sent *Sea Fox* around to win with a time of 1:55:48 for the 12 miles. In Class E there was a similar presage of victory, when *Spumanti III* made the fastest time around a six-mile course. Weather conditions on Tuesday were about the same; but the next day the "E" boats tried, but could not cover an eight-mile triangle within the 2½-hour time limit, so the race committee called them off. At the time two Madison entries were well in the lead — something which hasn't happened for several years. The cats managed to finish in time, the winner, *Calista Ann*, of Pewaukee (Wis.), with Maynard Meyer at the helm, was scored first at 2:16:22. The 38-foot Class A's didn't even attempt to try their luck with the doldrums.

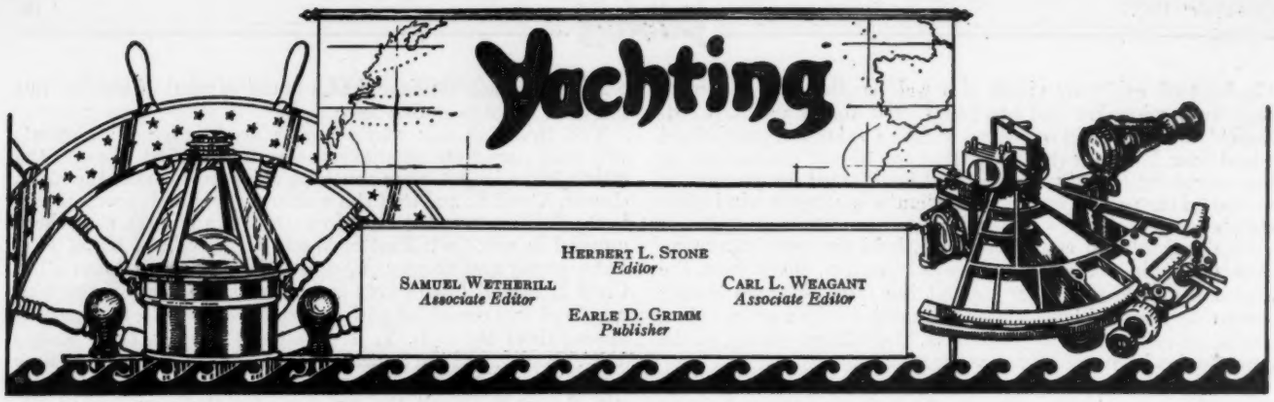
Pillsbury sailed his *Sea Fox* to first place in Class A Thursday afternoon, and established the fastest time of the week in the best winds, doing the twelve-mile triangle in an hour and 38 minutes. *Independence*, only Class A entry from Oshkosh, Wis., skippered by John Buckstaff, made a bad start in this race, being ahead of the gun by some 10 feet. Falling off and coming up on the other tack, Buckstaff slid around the marker again, caught up with the other eleven contestants, and finally finished in fourth place.

A puffy breeze that becalmed first one boat, then heeled another so that its bilgeboards were out of water, greeted the "A's" on Friday. The race decided nothing, for Minnetonka's *Sea Fox* already had two firsts and a second. Again *Sea Fox* led across the starting line, with L. V. Hamlin's *Mistral* second. Pillsbury kept his lead throughout, finishing in a light-air spinnaker run.

JACK WARING, JR.



Thirty-six scows and 36 Class C catboats took part in the Inland Lakes Championships held on Lake Mendota at Madison, Wis. "Sea Fox," above, sailed by Edmund Pillsbury, won the Class A championship. Note the use of a spinnaker on the wind



EDITORIAL

Ralph M. Munroe

IN THE death of Ralph M. Munroe, on August 26th, at the ripe age of over four score years, yachting has lost a notable figure. For Commodore Munroe did, perhaps, as much for the sport and the development of yachts as any of those who have gone before him whose names and accomplishments are known to yachtsmen the world over. As a pioneer on the southeastern coast of Florida, he first saw the opportunities that Biscayne Bay held in store for the cruising yacht, and the development of that part of the coast is due in no small measure to his early efforts in making that region, of which he was so fond, known to yachtsmen, at a time when yachts were the best, and perhaps the sole means of transportation. He died at his home at Coconut Grove, which he first visited in 1877, and where he settled a few years later. As an amateur interested in yacht design, he turned out many shoal draft craft particularly suited to the waters where he made his home, and these helped materially in the development of fast, seaworthy centerboard boats for yacht use.

There is no space here to recount the Commodore's labors in the development of the east coast; they were unceasing and covered many lines — business, the fisheries, surveys, and natural history, and, as a matter of course, navigation. His love of vessels and the knowledge of them acquired in youth on New York Bay were concentrated on a problem of the first importance, the development of a seagoing craft of limited draft. There were shoal draft yachts in plenty about New York in those days, but the less said of their seagoing qualities the better, as speed was their sole consideration. On one of his frequent visits in summer to his old home Mr. Munroe designed *Presto*, a lively little craft 35 feet on the water. She proved a complete success, and several similar yachts were built for others on Biscayne Bay. In 1891 Mr. Munroe designed for his own use the larger *Micco*, with a novel ketch rig.

Seaworthiness and safety as essential factors in a yacht first came to the fore in the heated and often acrimonious discussions of the early eighties; the answer to the problem was sought chiefly in the heavy displacement, deep draft and low lead of the cutter, but Ralph M. Munroe found a thoroughly satisfactory solution in a yacht of moderate displacement and limited draft. He has left a lasting record of his long yachting experience, and of his life in Florida, in his memoirs, called *The Commodore's Story*.

In his genius for friendship Commodore Munroe stood forth above most men, and no yachtsman who met him but counted him a friend. Of positive views, never afraid to support his beliefs against all comers with courage and determination, and unalterably opposed to oppression or injustice, he naturally had opponents, but eventually understanding always grew and ripened into friendship. His passing means much to every one who knew him.

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International Canoe Rules Desirable

THE international canoe races on both fresh and salt water have done nothing to settle several vexed questions; in fact, they have only served to provoke a discussion which, we earnestly hope, may lead to some international agreement. Internationally, the issue is between the American type of canoe, originally derived from the English, but developed and improved in the course of years along strictly canoe lines, and the British, or, more properly, the Royal Canoe Club type of miniature yacht. Looking first at the home boats, there is a strong difference of opinion as to the size, one side maintaining the 16′ by 30″ canoe, which has made canoeing on this side of the water and built up the American Canoe Association, the other side proclaiming the merits of a larger craft, one up to 18′ by 43″. Both are alike in having a fair canoe form, pointed bow and stern, watertight bulkheads and, usually, self-bailing cockpits, with centerboards of light weight, a sliding seat, and mainsail and mizzen rig.

The Royal Canoe Club boats, the outgrowth of peculiar local conditions on the Thames, are designed as miniature yachts to be kept afloat through the season, and are of heavy displacement, carrying centerboards of 100 pounds weight or over, and with delicate underbody rudders which are liable to damage in any chance grounding or beaching. The rig is that of a sloop, with standing rigging; the sliding seat is prohibited, and bulkheads may be replaced by air tanks. Another interesting point is involved; in America the ranks of yachtsmen are recruited through the instruction of children, placed at an early age under a club instructor and taught to swim, row and sail in many types of small craft. The theory in England is that this end may be accomplished by making the canoe a small yacht, the novice in canoeing graduating into the qualified sail boat or larger craft. A movement is now under way on the part of the canoeists of both nations, in which it is hoped that the Scandinavian nations will join, to eliminate these differences and to formulate an international rule in canoeing, such as now obtains in yachting.

IN THE WORLD OF YACHTING

HENRY A. JACKSON

IT DOES not need this photograph of Henry A. Jackson to introduce "Harry" to yachtsmen of the East Coast. He has been prominently identified with yachting for so many years, and has worked so hard and so long for the best interests of the sport, that he is known by name, if not in person, to most of those actively participating in yachting affairs today. Nearly every movement looking towards the organization or the betterment of the sport on Long Island Sound finds Harry Jackson's name identified with it. In such connection he is usually handed a job to do, and to say "Let Harry do it," is synonymous to saying that it will be well done.

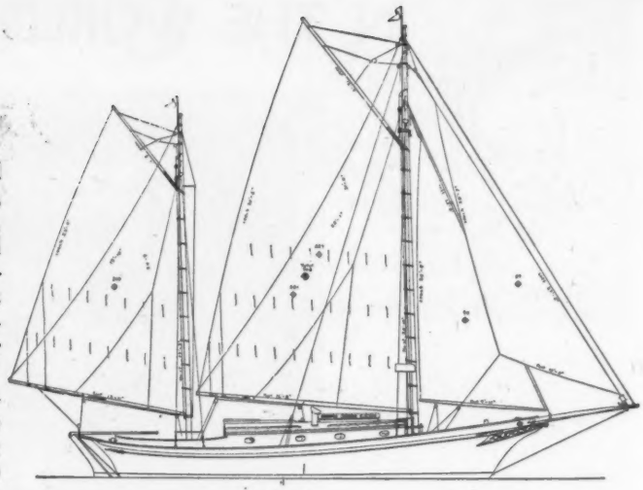
As with many other yachtsmen, Jackson's chief interest is yachting. He is to be found afloat every season from the time the sun approaches the summer solstice until late in the fall. The boats he has owned, while not many in number, have always been good boats, for he is not one of those who must have a new yacht every year or so to hold his interest. The boats that he gets he keeps and improves from year to year, until they become a real part of his life.

In his earlier yachting years he was actively interested in racing, and was one of the organizers, in 1907, and an original member of the Handicap Class of Long Island Sound, an organization that is still furnishing good racing for its members. He helped organize the yachting department of the New York Athletic Club, under whose burgee he still sails, and he was the instigator of the 100-mile Block Island Race, at a time when long distance racing was less popular than it is now. Later, this race was enlarged to include a power boat division. He helped organize the race around Long Island in 1909, and he sailed in several of the long races for the Brooklyn Challenge Cup when he owned the sloop "Victory I."

Going into yachting seriously after he left Yale, among the earlier boats Jackson owned were the sloop "Alyce" and the Lawley 25-footer "Mist," both of which he raced and sailed for several years. He then bought the sloop "Victory," the first of a line to carry that name. Keeping her for a number of years, he finally sold her to the Great Lakes, where this summer she finished third in the entire fleet in the Mackinac Race, and won in the smaller cruising division. His next boat was a power cruiser, "Victory II," a 36-footer, which he kept until he purchased "Victory III," a 45-footer, in which he cruises the Southern New England Coast each summer.

Active in the work of the U. S. Power Squadrons since its formation, Jackson has helped to bring about a higher standard of seamanship among power boat sailors. As a member of the Cruising Club of America he has done invaluable work on a number of committees. As a delegate for 32 years to, and for several years treasurer of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, he has long been active in that organization. All of which indicates that his yachting career has not been solely for his own pleasure.

A Roomy 35-Foot Shoal Draft Ketch



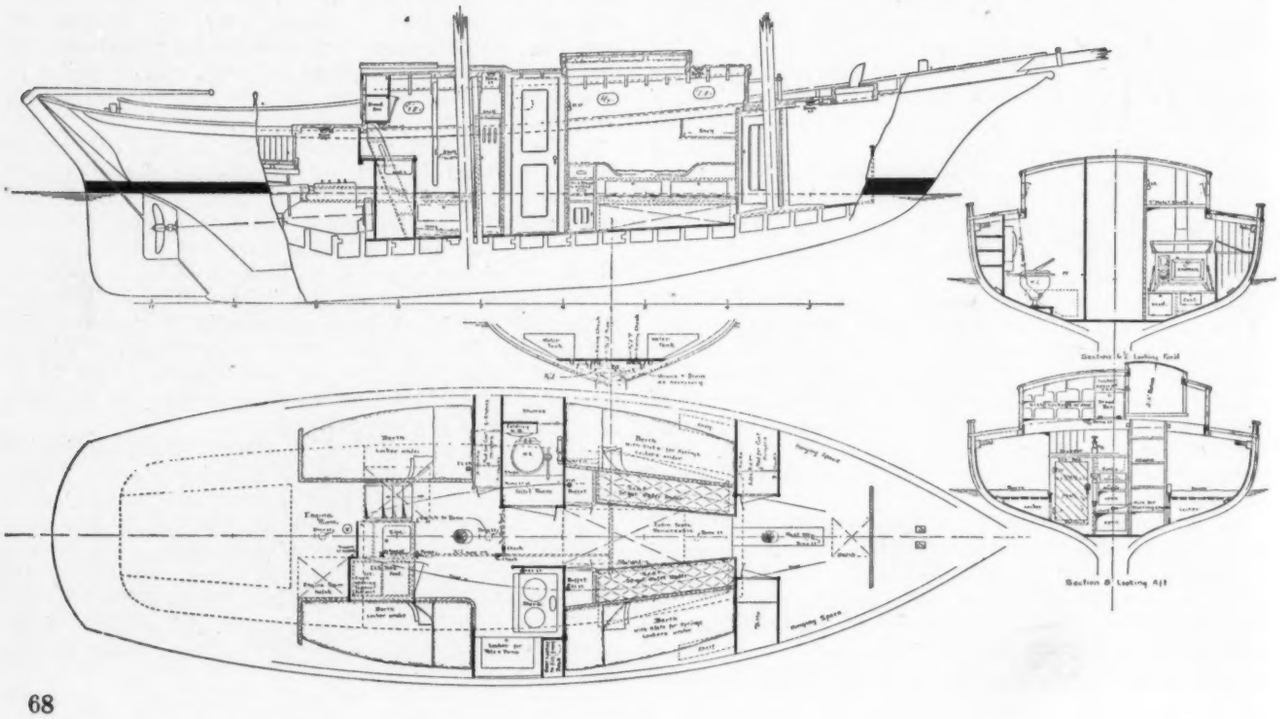
THIS smart little shoal draft ketch was designed by S. S. Crocker, of Boston, for Dr. E. P. Hussey, that grand old man of the Buffalo Yacht Club, who has incorporated in his newest boat ideas gained during a lifetime of experience on the Lakes. With eighty-seven years in his wake and much of that time spent on the water, Doctor Hussey has filled his own prescription for assuring perpetual youth by building another boat and living the life afloat.

The handy rig, the sweet clipper bow, and the compact layout below reflect the individuality of both the designer and the owner. The principal dimensions are: l.o.a., 35 feet; l.w.l., 28 feet 7 inches; beam, 10 feet 10 inches; and draft, 4 feet. Despite her shoal draft, she has ample bearing and lateral plane which should make her able in any weather. She should appeal particularly to the shoal draft enthusiast who wishes a boat that can be taken offshore in comfort to such shoal draft cruising grounds as the Bahamas or West Indies. On the Great Lakes, where Doctor Hussey will sail her, she will be able to poke into harbors and snug anchorages which most boats of her size could not attempt.

On deck there is ample space and a large cockpit, which, due to the broad but well rounded stern, carries well aft, making the most of her overall length. The outboard rudder has been chosen for practicability and, in addition, it matches unusually well with the clipper bow.

The layout below is of particular interest because of the maximum of accommodations which have been planned without crowding. Abaft the spacious forepeak are two large lockers and then a snug main cabin with permanent berths and transom seats to boot. The main cabin, if privacy is desired, is separated from the quarters aft by a passageway formed between the toilet room and galley. And the cook on this boat will have all the space he needs, which a glance at the spacious galley will confirm. Quarter berths aft solve the problem of utilizing space which is normally wasted. The engine has its place in the boat beneath the bridge deck and between the after ends of the quarter berths, tucked away, but accessible.

Doctor Hussey's ketch was built this spring by Herman Lund, at Erie, Pa.



Under the Lee of the Longboat

by Cap Stan

ALONG comes a post card a few days ago, gently taking me to task for not mentioning the Grand Old Man of yachting in my remarks anent Pete Barber, *Enterprise*, and double-enders. Here it is: "What's the matter with good old W. P. Stephens, who has been preaching the merits of the whale boat stern on yachts since 1897? Why not give the Devil his due?" Sorry I temporarily forgot about you, W. P. And glad somebody reminded me. Your opinion carries plenty of weight with me, and with others who know of your long experience in sailing, designing, and analysis of the game. On with the double-enders! So says Marin Marie, the Frenchman who recently completed a fast single-handed East to West Transatlantic passage in his double-ended cutter *Winnibelle II*. "It's a grand stern in a following sea," opines the Frenchman. He shipped his boat back to France so quickly that I didn't get a chance to look her over, but she resembles the Colin Archer type, with less beam and a finer bow — logical changes, seems to me. Carries twin forestaysails when running — winged out, similar to twin spinnakers. Maybe we'll get some more dope about his boat and his trip in the near future.

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The regular racing season is no sooner over along the Atlantic seaboard than the Frostbiters get busy with their single-sailed dinks for a busy winter season of racing in various protected harbors along the coast. Mason's Island has scheduled a sanctioned regatta for the middle of October, the newly-formed Essex Y. C. is crashing through with another for Armistice Day, and Boston, Bristol, Providence, Newport and New York clubs are busy forming schedules for the new winter sport. There seems little doubt that winter dinghy sailing is definitely established as a new phase of yachting.

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Yacht builders are a bit up in the air on account of this N.R.A. business, and don't yet know quite where they stand. One thing seems certain, and that is that the price of new yachts is going up, and some people claim that the small builder will suffer severely under the new codes. If the new boats go up in price, so will second-hand craft. Where are we going to get the money to build or buy? It's a confusing situation right now, which will probably be straightened out before very long. Let's hope it will be soon.

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Who would have believed that she could have sailed from the Lizard to Cape Cod in 22 days? Or from Cowes to Larchmont in 25? Yet she did just that. Who did? Why, *Dorade*, of course. You may not like her type, and she may not win Bermuda races, but for crossing oceans and winning Fastnet races she seems to be unbeatable. A remarkable craft, with a truly remarkable record.

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One of the conditions in the recently-announced ocean race from Miami to St. Petersburg intrigues me greatly. It runs ". . . and each crew must be sufficient and qualified by experience to safely handle yacht under offshore conditions." Shortly after the 1932 Bermuda Race I asserted that some such condition should be made in ocean races. This is the first step. Will something similar be adopted for the 1934 Bermuda Race?

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During the first part of the season, the famous Twelve-Metre *Mouette* continued in her 1932 style and cleaned up all the races. Then *Cantitoe* came to life and turned the tables on her slippery rival. Then *Iris*, a rank outsider, comes through to win the Astor Cup, and, later on, gets away with two or three straight races on the Sound. You can't tell about those "Twelves." And there is a lot of talk going the rounds about new additions to the class next year, and an international match. Keep your weather eye open for developments.

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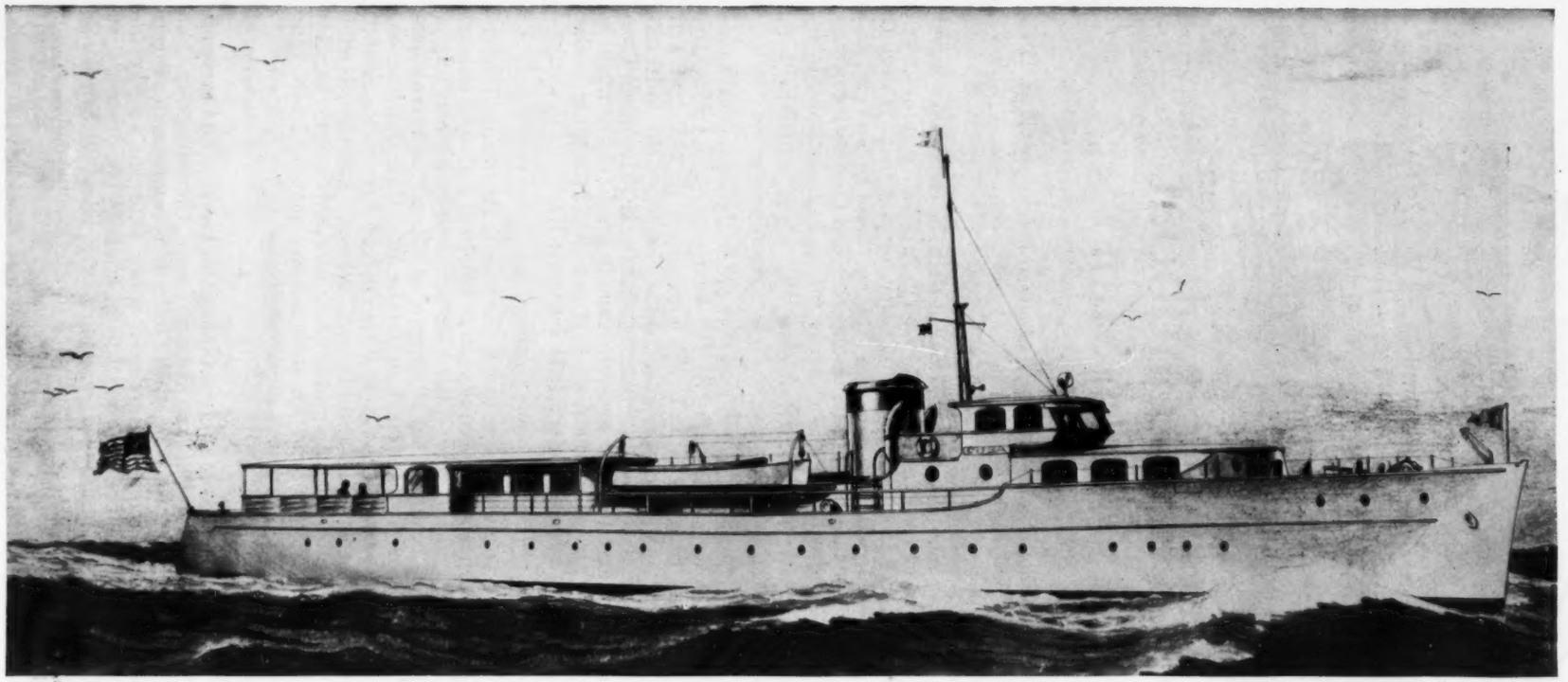
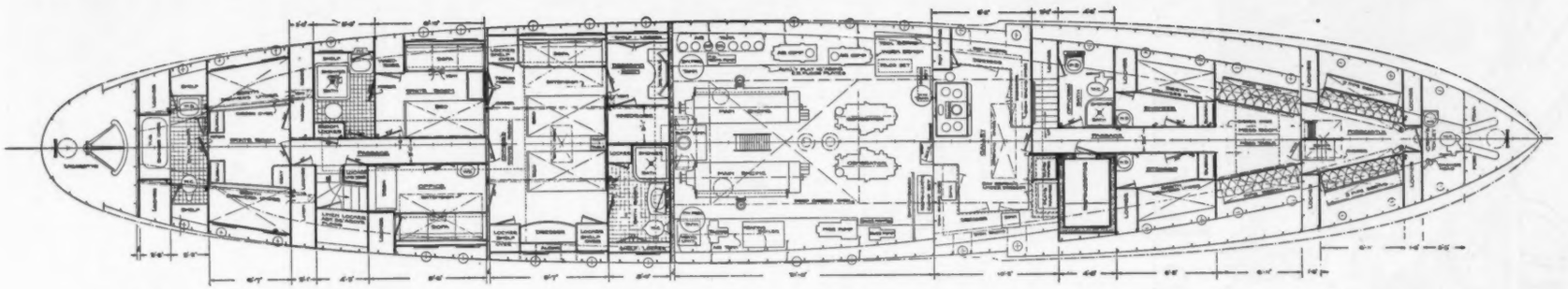
It looked at first as though the Yanks would carry off the honors in the Sailing Canoe Championship, but when it was over, Uffa Fox and his sailing mate, Roger De Quincy, had romped away with the trophy for Merrie England. It's bad business to bet against that bird Fox. He has a way of bringing home the bacon any time he takes the tiller of a dinghy, sailing canoe, or any other small craft. British sailors tell me he has a positively uncanny "feel" for a boat. His record proves it, too.

Speed, Seaworthiness and Comfort in This Diesel-Powered Yacht



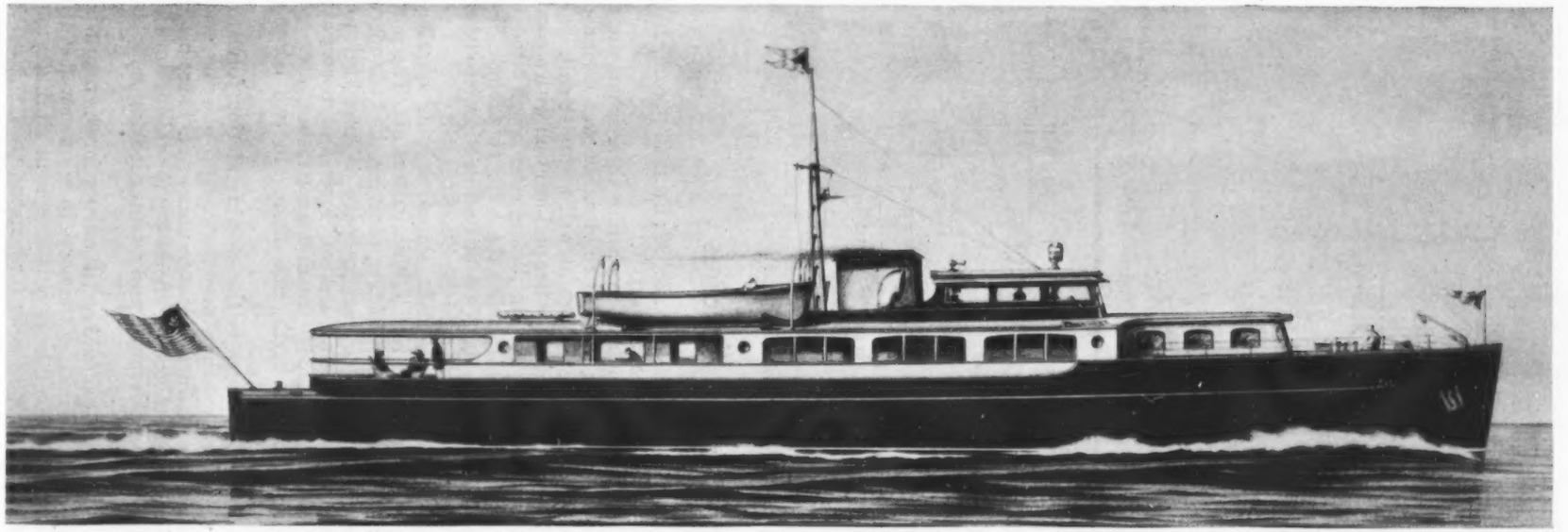


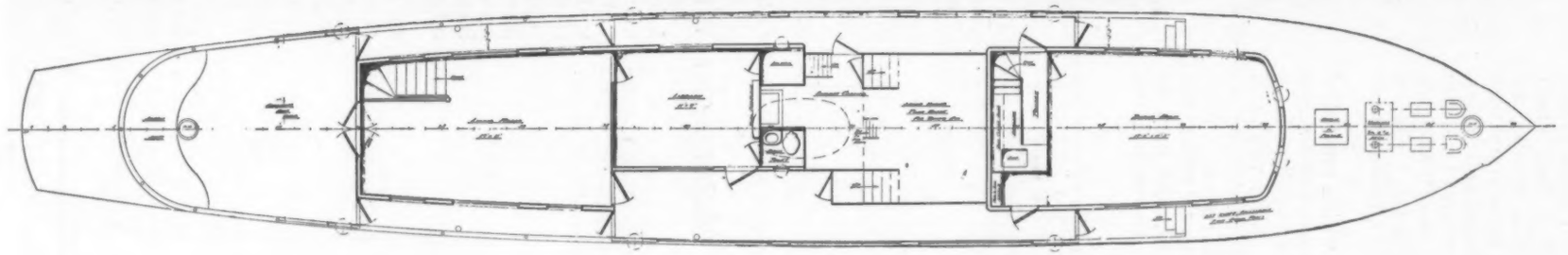
The attractive, rakish-looking Diesel-powered craft whose plans appear above was designed by John H. Wells, Inc., of New York, for Mr. Robert C. Hascall, for use on the Great Lakes in summer and in southern Atlantic waters in the winter. With over all length of 123 feet and beam of 19 feet 7 inches, the designers have produced a craft low and striking in appearance, which will step out at a 16-mile clip with a pair of 350 h.p. Winton Diesels of the latest airless injection type.

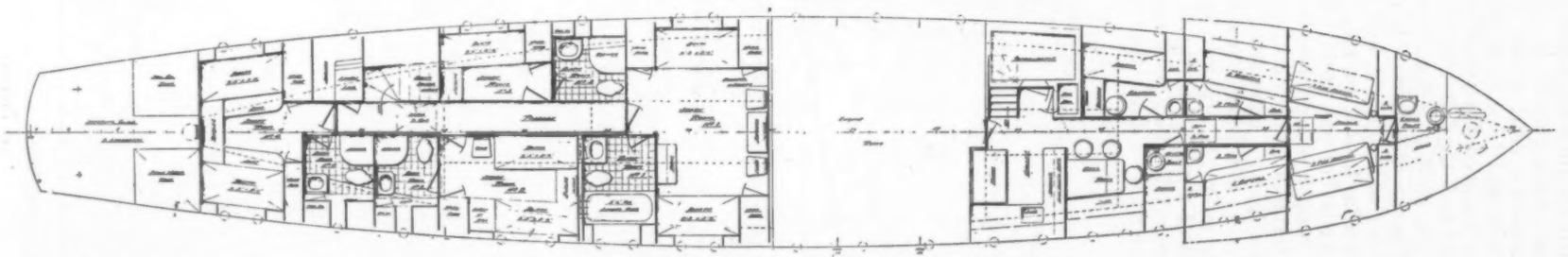
The steel hull embodies the latest type of construction, and is rugged, yet light. The main motors, auxiliary motors, and all electrical and mechanical equipment are the latest and best of proven types. Ample fuel and water tankage assures a long cruising radius away from any supply base.

The deck space is ample, and the low cabin houses are luxuriously equipped with every convenience for comfort. Below decks the owner and guests are splendidly provided for with excellent staterooms, adjoining bath rooms, and a wealth of locker and storage space for extended trips. The crew is well quartered in the forward part of the vessel, and the large gulley, with the latest electrical refrigeration, assures the best of service at all times. Heating and ventilating systems assure comfort in all weathers.

An Express Diesel Yacht With Many Distinctive Features







Above are the plans of a striking Diesel-powered yacht now being built for a western yachtsman by the Defoe Boat & Motor Works, of Bay City, Michigan. She was designed by Cox & Stevens, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York, and incorporates many modern and distinctive features in her design, construction and arrangement.

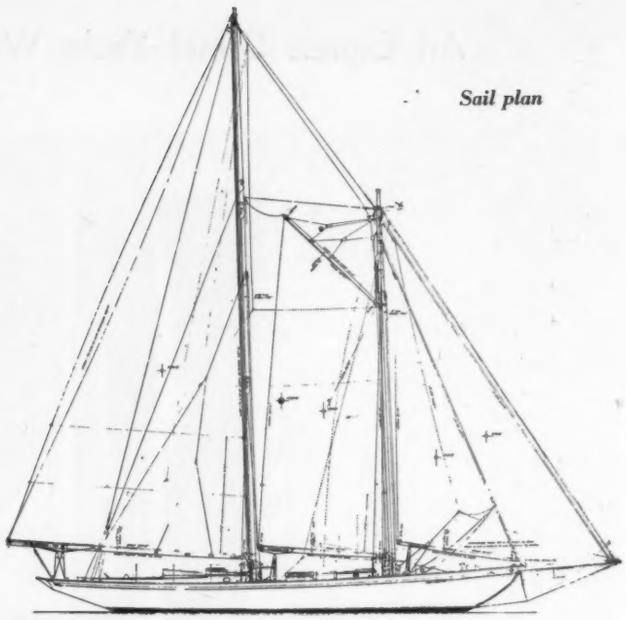
Built of steel, on a water line length of 113 feet, she is decidedly a seagoing type. In spite of the rather high freeboard, the attractive grouping of windows and careful massing of deck erections, coupled with the military mast and low, squat stack, give her a smart, modern, and well-balanced appearance.

Twin 225 h.p. Winton Diesels will give a sustained speed of 15 m.p.h. The plans show how well the space has been utilized in providing excellent accommodations.

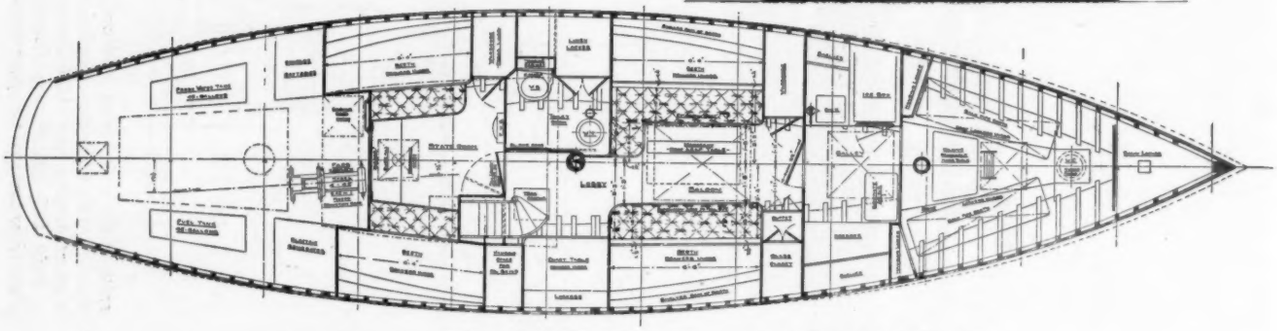
A Handsome Alden Schooner

THIS plan of a handsome jib-headed schooner was turned out by John G. Alden, of 131 State Street, Boston, Mass., for a member of the New York Yacht Club who desired a craft which could be handled by two paid hands and have more than an average turn of speed. She has good ends, good freeboard and moderate sheer, and is of the following dimensions: l.o.a. 60′; l.w.l. 43′; beam, 13′ 3″; draft, 8′ 4″; sail area, 1935 sq. ft. The highest grade of materials is called for, including double planking of mahogany, teak decks, hollow spars, lead keel, Everdur fastenings, etc.

The interior layout was worked out with a great deal of care, and consists of a double stateroom, two owner's toilets, comfortable main cabin, excellent galley, large forecastle, navigator's compartment, and a wealth of lockers, shelves, and other stowage space. A Gray reduction gear motor, in separate compartment, should give a speed of 8 miles an hour in smooth water. She should be especially fast to windward, and may be completed in time to enter the 1934 Bermuda Race.



Sail plan



Interior accommodation plan of the 60-foot schooner designed by John G. Alden

A 39-Foot Motor Sailer With Unusual Features

THE plans on this and the following page show a small "50–50" cruiser, or motor sailer, with a number of unusual features. She was designed by J. W. Millard & Brother, Inc., of New York, and is of the following dimensions: l.o.a. 38′ 9″; l.w.l. 35′; beam, 10′; draft, 4′ 6″; sail area, 525 sq. ft.

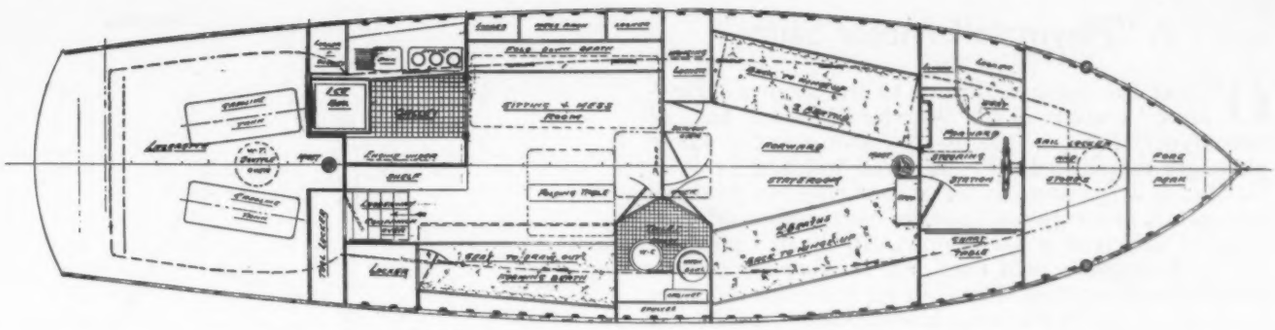
Outboard profile of the 39-foot motor sailer designed by J. W. Millard & Brother, Inc.

The outboard profile shows a nice sheer, short ends, raking stern and an inboard rudder. She was designed to drive easily under power as well as under sail. The snug ketch rig should make her perform well with a good breeze abeam or aft, and the jib and mizzen will come in handy as steadying sails when the going gets rough. She is expected to trot along at a 9- or 10-mile clip with either a Gray 4–56 motor or a 65–85 Buda Diesel.

The interior arrangement shows sleeping quarters for four forward and real living quarters aft. The port berth in the after cabin folds up, leaving the floor space entirely clear. Ample locker space is provided for clothes in two hanging lockers; tools and boat gear stow behind the engine room steps; dishes, etc., go above the folding berth, and there are two bosun's lockers in the cockpit.

An unusual feature is the steering station forward, for use in bad weather, and the cockpit steering gear for use in fair weather and when under sail. There being no pilot house, there is no necessity for raising up the main boom for clearance, and a better looking sail plan is the result.

This little boat should be the answer for the man who wishes to live aboard, in the north in summer and south in winter. She would be easy to handle at all times, and would make a good tender for a racing craft.

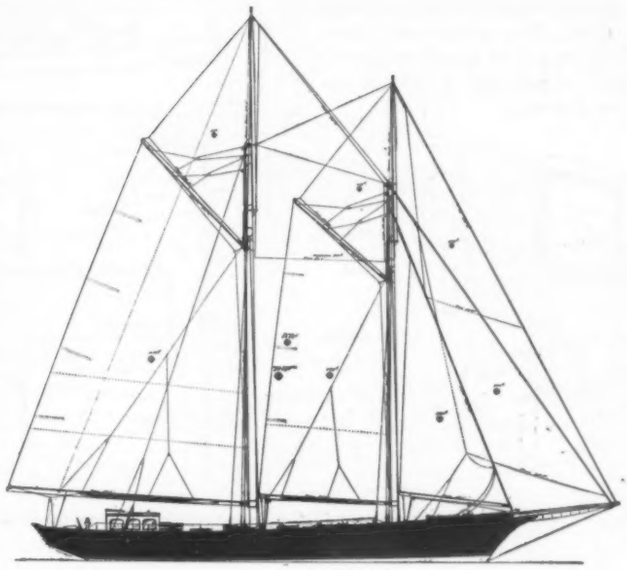


Accommodation plan of the Millard-designed motor sailer, described on preceding page

Sparkman & Stephens Turn Out a Seagoing Schooner

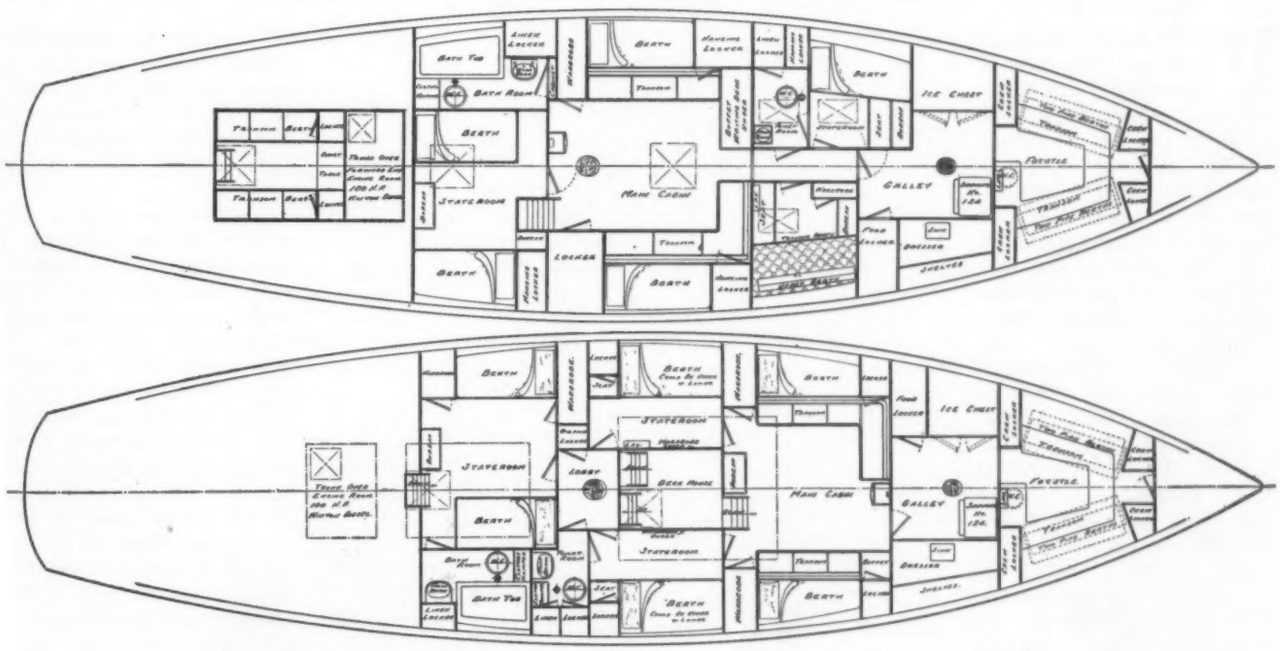
THE accompanying design of a seagoing schooner was drawn up for a member of the New York Yacht Club by Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., 11 East 44th St., New York City, with seaworthiness, room, and ease of motion in a seaway as prime factors. The clipper bow and gaff rig were chosen because they seemed to fit the heavy type of boat, whose dimensions are as follows: l.o.a. 79′ 5″; l.w.l. 64′ 6″; beam, 20′; draft, 10′ 4″; sail area, four lowers, 2978 sq. ft.; sail area, total, 3628 sq. ft.

Stability has peen provided for by beam rather than by hard bilges or low ballast. The draft is moderate, and all ballast will be outside, except for a small amount of trimming ballast. The ends are comparatively fine, as the designers feel that this feature helps to produce an easy motion in a seaway.



Sail plan

Two interior layouts are shown, each with large double stateroom with connecting bath, two smaller staterooms, either or both of which may be fitted with both upper and lower berths, and one of which has a connecting toilet room. The main cabins are large and comfortable, and the deckhouse is a valuable feature on long cruises. Galley and crew's quarters are forward. A 100 h.p. Winton Diesel should drive her close to 9 miles an hour.

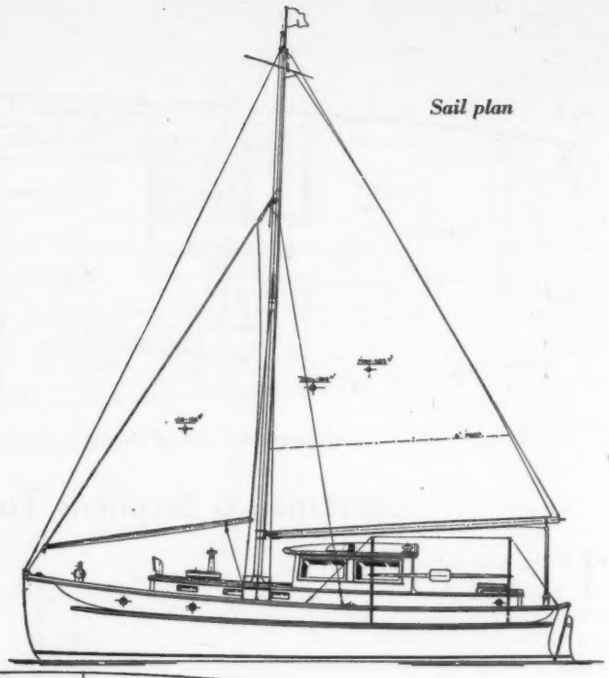


Two interior accommodation plans for the seagoing schooner designed by Sparkman & Stephens

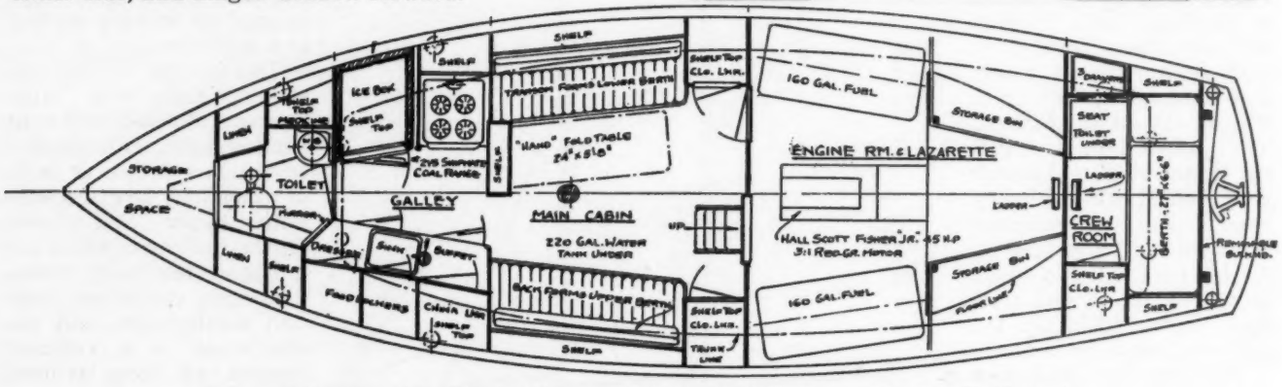
A "Playmate" Motor Sailer

ONE of the latest additions to the famous "Playmate" cruisers of the Wheeler Shipyard, Inc., of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the 40-foot motor sailer whose plans are reproduced here. She was designed by Wm. H. Hand, Jr., whose motor sailers have an enviable reputation, and is one of the smallest practical offshore boats of this type yet developed. An owner's party of five, or four plus a paid hand, are comfortably accommodated on long trips. The sloop rig will come in handy on many occasions when the breeze is fair, and she will do a good 10½ knots with either a Hall-Scott Fisher, Jr., reduction gear motor, or a 65 h.p. Buda Diesel with reduction gear.

Ample deck space has been provided, with wide side decks. The interior arrangement plan is somewhat novel, there being a forward cabin with berths for four people, galley, toilet, etc., and an after cabin with one berth, toilet, bureau, etc. The cockpit is semi-enclosed, with drop curtain at after end, dropping windows on either side, and hinged window forward.



Sail plan



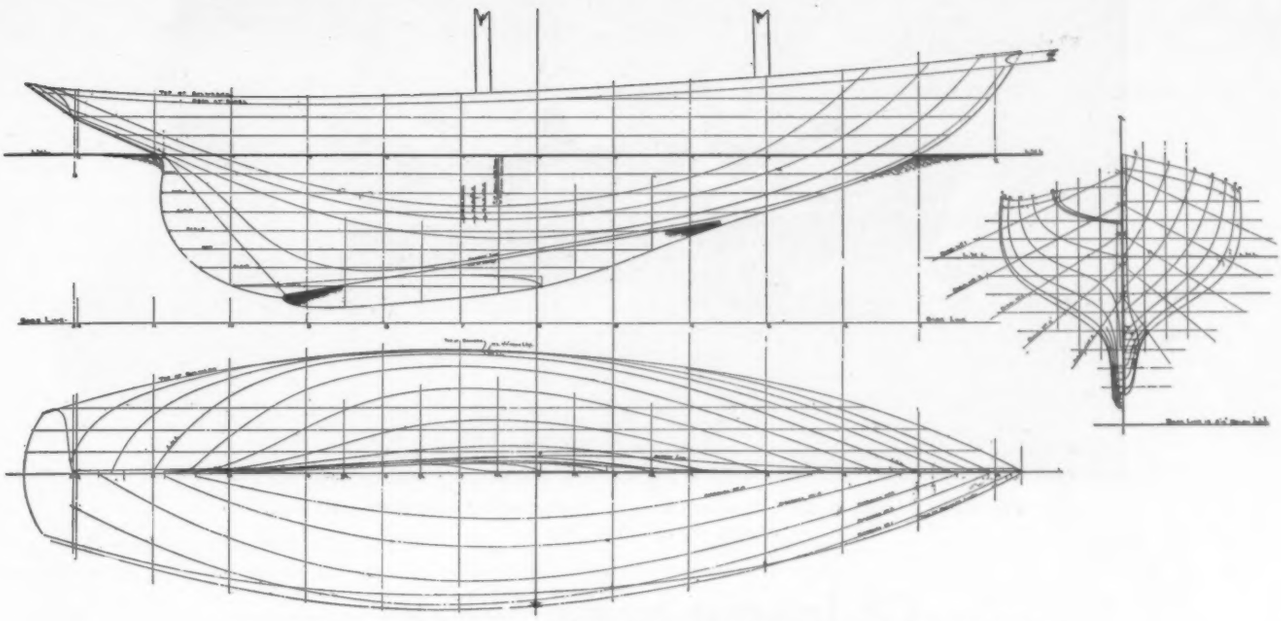
Accommodation plan of the Wheeler Playmate 40-foot motor sailer, designed by Wm. H. Hand, Jr.

"Savannah," a Successful Auxiliary Schooner

BELOW and on the next page are the plans of the successful auxiliary schooner *Savannah*, a 1933 addition to the cruising-racing fleet of seagoing auxiliaries which has attracted a great deal of favorable comment during the past season. She was designed by Francis Sweisguth, 34 Wildwood Road, New Rochelle, N. Y., for Frederick C. Rogers, of New York and Tuxedo Park, and built in the finest manner by the Mineford Yacht Yard, of City Island, N. Y. Her principal dimensions are as follows: l.o.a. 52′ 11″; l.w.l. 40′ 10″; beam, 13′ 3″; draft, 8′ 2″; sail area, four lowers, 1550 sq. ft. Although her 21,500 pounds of lead ballast is all outside, her construction is heavy enough to bring her well within the 46% ratio of ballast to displacement required under cruiser class racing rules.

Sail plan of "Savannah"

Moderation might be said to be the keynote of her design, which shows a sweet hull with good freeboard, moderate ends, firm bilges, and easy fore and aft lines. Her schooner rig, with jib-headed mainsail, is easy to handle, and has driven her well both in the Gibson Island Race and in the squadron runs of the New York Yacht Club, her showing in the latter being decidedly good. Under power, she steps out at a lively clip with her Farr-Kermath 4–45 reduction gear motor and

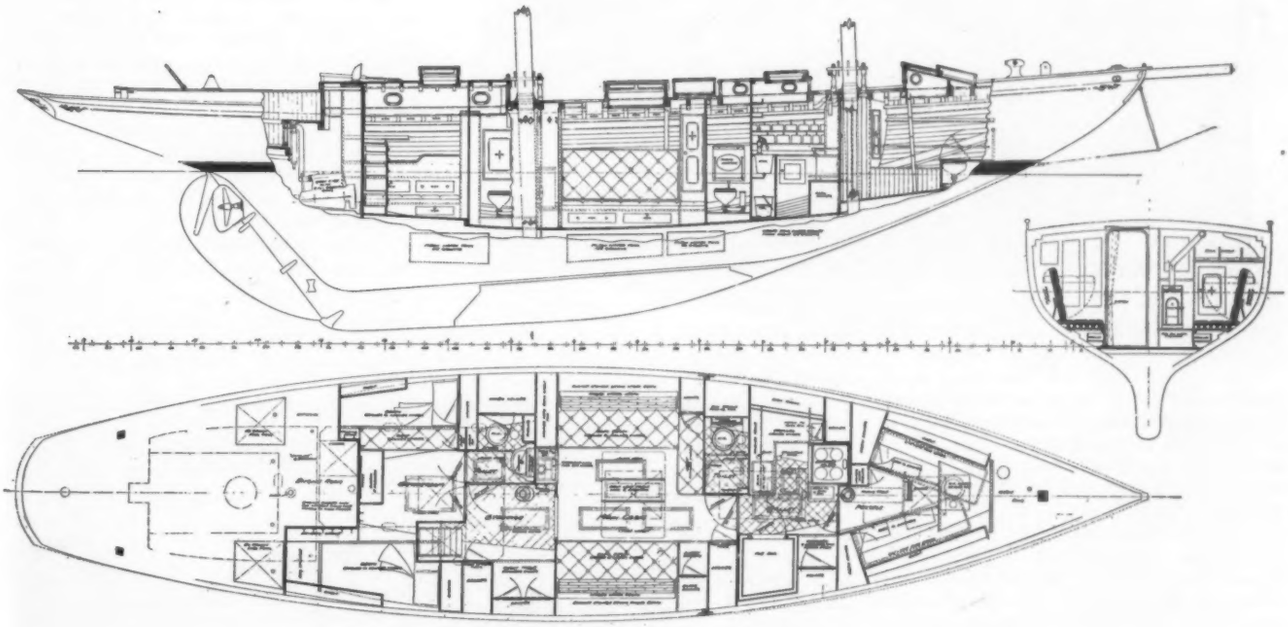


Lines and body plan of the schooner "Savannah," designed by Sweisguth for Frederick C. Rogers

Hyde feathering wheel. A 32-volt Branford generator and Willard storage batteries provide current for lighting. A Kenyon log and speed indicator tells instantly the speed of the boat, and the distance run.

The specifications of *Savannah* called for the highest grade of materials and workmanship, such as steam bent oak frames, mahogany planking fastened with Everdur screws, teak planksheer, rails, skylights, bulwarks, etc. Chain plates, deck straps, runner plates, etc., are of stainless steel. Monel metal is used extensively in the galley for dresser tops, sink, stove pipe, sheathing, etc. The enamelled interior, with mahogany trim, is unusually handsome and attractive, due to her owner's experience as an architect and interior decorator, and the builder's skilled workmanship.

The companion steps lead down to a lobby, on the starboard side of which is a navigator's compartment and oilskin locker, with spacious toilet room opposite. Next forward is the main cabin, with two built-in berths and two extension transoms, followed by a galley the full width of the ship and equipped with Shipmate stove, ice box, sink, dresser, lockers, shelves, etc. The forecastle is large and nicely equipped for two paid hands, with toilet, lockers, etc. Abaft the lobby is the owner's double stateroom, with bureau, wardrobe, etc. The engine room is completely bulk-headed off from this stateroom, with Celotex lining to deaden sound. A Lux fire extinguishing system discharges in engine room and galley, a Wilco blower assuring excellent ventilation in both these compartments.



Inboard profile and cabin plan of "Savannah"

The newest addition to the Chris-Craft line, an 18-foot utility boat. With a 55 h.p. engine, she will do 27 m.p.h.

Of Interest to the Skipper

Co-Mac Seacraft Company Organized

RECENTLY Mr. E. C. Cohrone and Mr. A. W. MacKerer have formed a new boatbuilding company to be known as the Co-Mac Seacraft Company. They have taken over the plant, and are succeeding the Cohrone Boat Company of Arverne, L. I., N. Y.

Both Mr. Cohrone and Mr. MacKerer are widely known in the boating industry through their connection, in the past twenty years, with boatbuilding and marine engine manufacturing companies.

The Co-Mac Seacraft Company is offering a new line of deep-sea cruisers ranging in size from 21 to 46 feet, which will be available in a variety of designs. Many new safety features not usually offered on standardized craft will be included in all Co-Mac Seacraft.

Located in close proximity to New York City, this new company is prepared to handle every kind of service and to offer winter storage facilities. Complete modern equipment and an experienced personnel will feature the services of the new firm.

Texaco Oil Used in "Miss America X"

One of the paramount problems in the successful and reliable operation of the four big Packard engines in *Miss America X* is that of lubrication. This year, as well as in the last Harmsworth race, Gar Wood chose to use Texas oil, specifically, Texaco K, a special marine motor oil perfected by the Texas Company.

In addition to supplying this extremely high grade of oil, the Texas Company sent the technical adviser of their marine sales division, William Harrigan, to supervise the lubrication of the big power plant. In this capacity he, as well as the Texaco oil, performed perfectly their part in the successful defense of the British International Trophy.

Barney Oldfield, veteran automobile driver, takes the wheel of an outboard powered with an Elto Super C

"Ann II," a 30-foot Wheeler seaskiff, slips along at 23 m.p.h. with a 180 h.p. Sterling Petrel

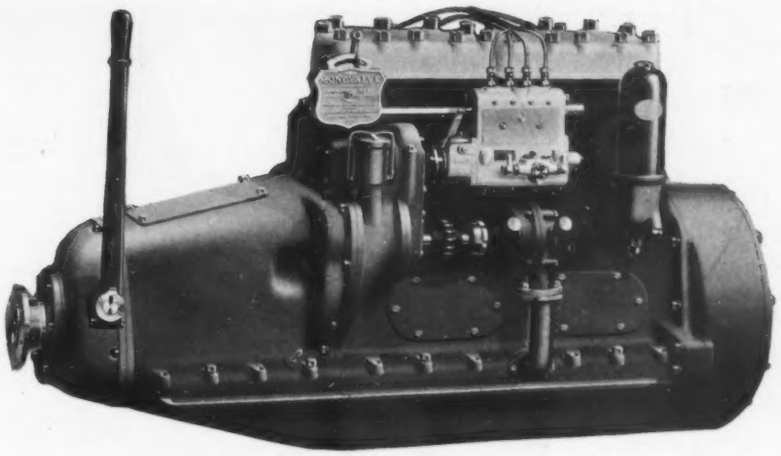
+ + +

Scripps Adds Reduction Gear to F-4

The Scripps model F-4, which, since it was first introduced to the boating field, has proved highly successful in direct drive in all types of boats, is now made available with a Morse reduction gear, internal type, with a ratio of 2:1. This innovation greatly broadens the field of use for this motor, making it suitable for heavy family cruisers and large sailing boats. Model F-4, a four-cylinder engine, is the smallest in size and power rating of the Scripps line.

The Scripps Motor Company also announces that this engine has been greatly improved by the addition of many inbuilt features and accessories, without any change in basic design.

The Morse reduction gear is so designed that the shaft conpling may be assem-



A new 75 h.p. American Monovalve Diesel engine built by the Standard Engine Co., of Oakland, California

bled either above or below the center line of engine crankshaft. The gear housing has a water jacket for cooling purposes. The old type of carburetor has been replaced by a Zenith balanced marine carburetor which is more responsive to every manipulation of the throttle. Assembled to the new carburetor is a specially designed flame arrester of sturdy and substantial construction and a crankcase breather tube which disposes of engine fumes and keeps the air in the engine room clean and pure.

Located at the rear of the motor is an all-metal mechanical fuel pump. This has a large pressure relief valve that automatically regulates the pressure of the fuel to the carburetor, regardless of engine speeds or other operating conditions. The fuel pump operates only when the motor is running. Close to and on the suction side of the fuel pump, a Scripps-designed fuel filter, with a glass bowl and Monel filtering element, is inbuilt.

+ + +

The New Hercules Diesel

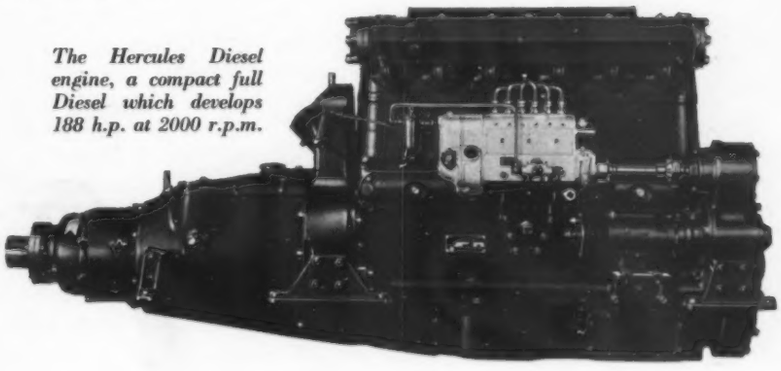
The Hercules Motors Corporation of Canton, Ohio, has developed a 6-cylinder, solid injection, high compression, full Diesel engine for marine purposes. This engine is to be known as Model DX1 and has a 5″ bore and 6″ stroke, and is constructed to operate at speeds up to 2000 r.p.m.

Its design and construction follow the usual Hercules practice, particular attention being given to symmetry, compactness, and pleasing appearance, with accessibility, durability and reliability as most important requisites.

The crankshaft is of large dimensions, drop forged from chrome-nickel molybdenum steel which assures extreme hardness, strength and ductility, and is finished to precision with highly polished bearing surfaces. It is drilled for connecting rod bearing lubrication.

The engines can be furnished for direct drive or fitted with reduction gear, both with reversing provision. These units are lubricated by pressure. The reverse gear has oil led to its center by a drilled hole in center of crankshaft. The reduction gear, when fitted, has oil supplied by a separate pump which directs a large volume of oil into it for lubrication and cooling.

Two flywheels are fitted, one being at the rear of the crankshaft, forward of reverse gear. The other, of larger diameter, is forward of the timing gears. Both run in oil and assist in the lubrication of adjacent parts.



The Hercules Diesel engine, a compact full Diesel which develops 188 h.p. at 2000 r.p.m.

An electric starter is mounted on the right side. The starting ring gear is shrunk on to the front flywheel.

A control panel is supplied, which includes such instruments as tachometer, oil pressure gauge, ammeter, oil viscometer gauge, speed control lever, and starting and lighting switch. The complete panel has indirect lighting.

In reference to performance, the DX1 will develop from 100 h.p. at 1000 r.p.m., to 177 h.p. at 1800 r.p.m., and 188 h.p. at 2000 r.p.m. with a B. M. E. P. of 110.3 lbs., 109.6 lbs., and 105.5 lbs., respectively.

The fuel consumption is .383 lbs. per brake horsepower per hour at 1000 r.p.m., .430 lbs. per brake horsepower per hour at 1800 r.p.m., and .46 lbs. per brake horsepower per hour at 2000 r.p.m. with the above B. M. E. P.

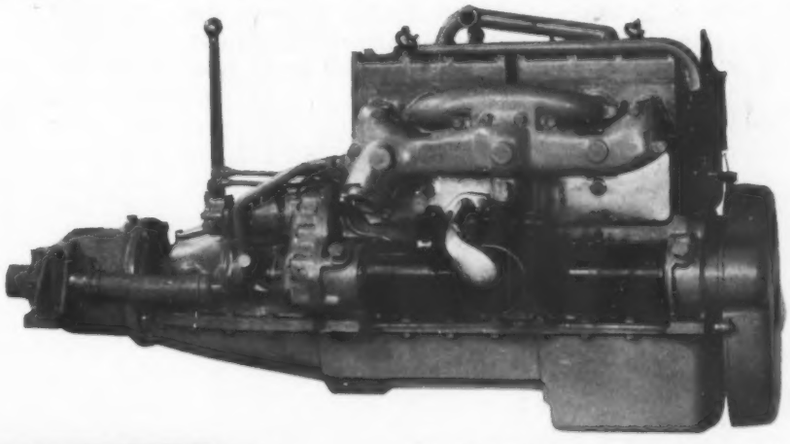
+ + +

A New Diesel Motor

The American Monovalve Diesel engine is to appear on the market very shortly. It is being built at the factory of the Standard Engine Company in Oakland, California.

This engine is of monovalve construction, using only one valve per cylinder. This permits the use of conventional L-head design, which has been proved the most efficient to operate and practicable to build.

This new 4-cylinder Diesel engine operates at a rated speed of 1200 r.p.m. and develops 75 h.p. at this speed. The fuel consumption at 75 h.p. is .44 lbs. per horsepower hour. Since the torque curve on the engine is so flat and the fuel consumption so complete, it is practicable to



The latest model of the well-known Scripps F-4 has many new features, including a reduction gear

run this engine over a speed range of from 200 to 2000 r.p.m. and still get a clear exhaust and a fuel consumption of less than .5 lbs. per h.p. hour.

This means that there is, in this Model 4-75, available power — economically obtained — ranging from 35 h.p. to 125 h.p.

The American Monovalve Diesel engines are backed by 30 years of engine building experience and every feature in their design has been thoroughly established.

Outstanding Yachts Of 1933

"Balkis" distinguished herself in the Vineyard Lightship race by beating the entire fleet on corrected time

WITH the yachting season coming to a close, the firm of Sparkman & Stephens may contemplate the performance of yachts built from their designs with a good deal of satisfaction. In the three major divisions of the sport — ocean racing, class racing, and cruising, boats from their board have made enviable records during the past few months.

Probably no yacht in service today is known, by reputation, to more people than *Dorade*. Certainly no yacht has earned more favorable comment, not only in the magazines and the news columns but in the editorial columns of the dailies. Her accomplishments this season topped off a four-year career of successes. Setting out from Long Island Sound in May, *Dorade* made a swift east-bound passage across the Atlantic and around the north of the British Isles to Norway — Larchmont to Bergen in 25 days. From Bergen she sailed down across the stormy North Sea to take part in the Fastnet ocean race.

Dorade was defending the Fastnet Trophy, which she had won in 1931, in which year she also won the Transatlantic race. Of the fleet that sailed against her, all but one boat (which finished last) was larger than *Dorade*. Yet *Dorade* was first but one of the whole fleet to finish the course and she won the race by seven hours. Then, just to complete a summer's sailing, she turned around and sailed home to Larchmont, making a record-breaking westward-bound passage of 22 days, 15 hours from Bishop's Rock to Pollock Rip.

"Brilliant," a 50-foot water-line schooner, owned by Mr. Walter Barnum, which made an exceptional transatlantic passage

Dorade was not the only Sparkman & Stephens boat to cross the ocean for the Fastnet race this year. The 50-foot waterline schooner *Brilliant*, owned by Walter Barnum, set out a month after *Dorade*, Cowes-bound. *Brilliant* is a heavy schooner built for cruising, and considered by many one of the finest cruising yachts of her size on the coast. She was "just cruising" across the Atlantic, according to Mr. Barnum. Yet day after day she reeled off runs of better than 200 miles a day, 1087 miles in five consecutive days, and she made the passage from Block Island to Bishop's Rock in 15 days, 23 hours. *Brilliant* didn't get the kind of hard weather she likes best in the Fastnet race, but she did well under the light conditions.

In the realm of smaller ocean racing and cruising yachts, two other Sparkman & Stephens boats stand out this season — Philip LeBoutillier's 30-foot waterline sloop *Alsumar*, and L. Lee Stanton's 25-foot waterline cutter *Balkis*. *Alsumar*, a roomy cruising yacht with accommodations below decks equal to the famous New York Yacht Club 30-footers, distinguished herself in the two longest ocean and coastwise races held in this country this season. One of the smaller yachts entered in the 475-mile ocean race from New London, Conn., to Gibson Island, she won in Class B and came in ahead of several much larger Class A boats.

Two months later, in the 232-mile race from Stamford, Conn., to Vineyard Sound Lightship and return, *Alsumar*, just over the lower limit of Class A, not only won in her class but was the first boat to finish of the whole fleet, which included big ocean-going schooners and racing machines such as Class Q and Ten-Metre boats.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Balkis, though not as well known as the larger *Alsumar*, distinguished herself likewise in the Vineyard race. One of the smallest boats in the race, she was among the early finishers and beat the entire fleet on corrected time to win the Vineyard Trophy and the Class B prize as well. *Balkis* is primarily a cruising boat, and has been in but few races since she was built four years ago, but her turn of speed was clearly indicated in the Vineyard race.

In the Six-Metre and other racing classes Sparkman & Stephens have been outstandingly successful. Though the class has been inactive on Long Island Sound this summer the "Six" *Jill*, designed by Sparkman & Stephens for J. Seward Johnson two years ago, won the Prince of Wales Trophy in Bermuda last April, sailing against a small but speedy fleet of "Sixes" in international competition. Last year she was one of the outstanding American boats in the British-American team races on the Solent and from there she went on to Scotland to win the Seawanhaka Cup.

Two other Six-Metre sloops from the same designing board, *Comet*, owned by John P. Wilson, and *Meteor*, owned by O. W. Johnson, have set the remarkable record of finishing one-two in the season's racing for the Six-Metre class on Lake Michigan for two years, in a fleet of thirteen boats.

In the Eight-Metre class another Sparkman & Stephens boat took top honours. *Conewago*, owned by W. B. Castle and Albert Eastwood of Rochester, won the Lake Yacht Racing Association championship in 1933 for the second consecutive year. In 1932 *Conewago* successfully defended the Canada's Cup for the Rochester Yacht Club.

One of the interesting smaller craft of the 1933 season is *Gimcrack*, a 23-foot waterline sloop built as an example of the designer's idea of what a good, small one-design class should be. The project of establishing such a class is being considered for next season, but in the meantime *Gimcrack* has not been idle. She took part in the American Yacht Club cruise in August and, on the run from Duck Island to Fisher's Island, won the corrected time prize for the entire fleet, which included yachts of all types and sizes from Twelve-Metre sloops down.

In contrast to these various yachts, Sparkman & Stephens have turned out one of the outstanding boats of the season in an entirely different type — the Diesel-powered motor sailer *Tamerlane*, designed for George B. Knowles, of New Bedford. *Tamerlane* embodies the best qualities of her type, with some others of her own that most motor sailers lack. A big, rugged, seagoing craft, all practical ship on deck and solid comfort below, she is built to go to sea and stay, regardless of weather. Yet she has real sailing ability, with her moderate ketch rig. *Tamerlane* leads the way to new developments in a type of yacht that is becoming increasingly popular.

"Tamerlane," a Diesel-powered motor sailer, owned by Mr. George B. Knowles of New Bedford

To round out the range of types that Sparkman & Stephens have turned out during the past year, there is *El Nido*, a 51-foot power boat designed for E. E. Dickinson, Jr., of Fisher's Island. She combines a good turn of speed, good looks, and real seagoing qualities far beyond those of the ordinary motor yacht of her size.

Few designers can point to creations in as many branches of yachting which have made as outstanding records and attracted as much favorable comment recently as have these yachts, and others by the same designers.

"El Nido," a 51-foot power cruiser designed by Sparkman & Stephens for E. E. Dickinson, Jr.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

"the repairs are less than we anticipated"

Thus writes one McIntosh & Seymour Diesel Engine user regarding maintenance.

Others have written:—

"The expense and upkeep of the engine is trivial."

"245 round trips having been accomplished without any trouble and with no delays."

"We have not spent one dollar for repairs in three years."

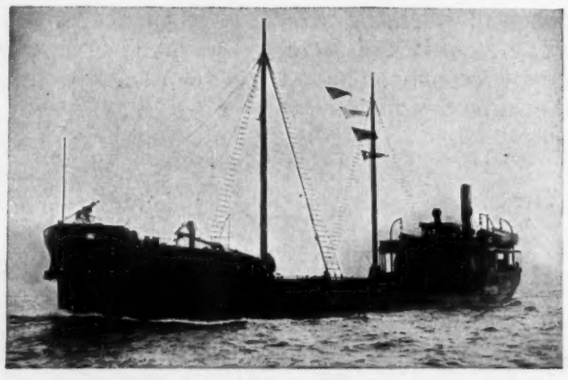
"It is very gratifying indeed to note the small amount expended for renewal of main engine parts."

"My opinion of this engine is that it is a fine engine and highly satisfactory and economical to operate as to fuel and upkeep."

"Our expense for spare parts and upkeep has been very small."

"We operate these engines 24 hours a day, day in and day out under full load conditions and they have surprised us as to their dependability and low maintenance."

Would you like a set of fac-simile copies of the above statements to-gether with a large number of other equally interesting statements regarding maintenance? Write us.



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Division of American Locomotive Company

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Star Championship Goes to San Francisco

(Continued from page 42)

just barely clipped the rudder of the mark boat with the mainsail. He gained steadily on the run. At the end Waterhouse attempted to get out from under by jibbing, but lost enough way for *Movie Star* to slip over first by three seconds. It was a thrilling finish to an interesting series.

Chip came in third after a race-long struggle with *Mist*. *Ace* was fifth, and *Andiamo* sixth. After the disqualification of *Movie Star* all these moved up one place.

The mortality was high in this race. *Sparkler II* lost her mast, while *Nereid's* crew failed to see the French *La Tortue* coming on the starboard tack. In the resulting collision plucky Mrs. Balkan was knocked overboard, but climbed back unhurt. She couldn't get much wetter than she was already.

And so Glen Waterhouse bore the famous trophy off to San Francisco, where it may stay for some time. The yachtsmen there pay no attention to a dusting. The masts of their Stars are bulky enough for Eight-Metres, while their boats are built of the heaviest wood they can find. Any challenger with serious aspirations would do well to construct his Star of lignum vitae! That might make her slug through the driving winds and seas of the Golden Gate. The ambitious contender will have to buy a set of Golden Gate tide tables, study them assiduously during the next eight or ten months, and then arrive on the scene of action a month or so ahead of time to learn the wind and tidal conditions. If of a studious and apprehending nature, he *may* be able to finish eighth or ninth.

Plenty of credit should go to the organization of the Star Class. Somewhere there must be an organizing genius who keeps the thing eternally alive. One thing I wonder about, though. In these Internationals three of the courses were windward and leeward. Star Class rules provide that on these courses all marks must be left to starboard. This means that at the weather mark a boat must round on the port tack. It has the effect of actually penalizing the boat that has worked out ahead, for if somebody else comes along on the starboard tack, that boat can force the one ahead. Leaving the mark to port would give the leading boat the right of way, a due reward for her position, and would also minimize the risk of fouls, which are imminent enough in these Internationals with so many boats racing. Perhaps there is a reason for leaving the mark to starboard, but I am not bright enough to fathom it.

While we are in a credit-giving mood, let us not overlook the hard-working committee that ran these races so smoothly, took it on the chin, as all committees must, but did it with a smile. They were: Herbert M. Dowsett, Chairman; C. Lowndes Johnson, Clifford A. Smith, B. Rey Schauer, Winsor Soule, and Frank M. Davenport, Secretary.

The point score follows:

Three Star won the International and Vanderveer Trophies; *Vega II* the Invader's Trophy; *Andiamo II* the Distant Fleet Trophy; and *Cene* the First Challenge Trophy.

Boat	*Skipper*	*Crew*	*Fleet*	*Total*
Three Star Too	G. W. Waterhouse	W. Metcalf	San Francisco Bay	67
Mist	Edwin Thorne	Landon K. Thorne	Great South Bay	63
Chip	H. M. Dowsett, Jr.	H. W. B. White	Hawaiian Islands	57
Andiamo II	J. T. Armes, Jr.	Macrae Sykes	Cent. L. I. Sound	56
Ace	Adrian Iselin	E. V. Willis	West. L. I. Sound	53
Moira	H. F. Beardslee	T. C. Webster	Newport Harbor	51
Movie Star II	E. A. Fink	J. B. Hayes	Long Beach	48
Phar Lap	Dr. Neils Martin	Thomas Cram	Santa Barbara	41
Vega II	J. C. Rockwell	Billy Lyon	Philippine Islands	39
Gull	Paul Shields	L. M. Bainbridge	Peconic-Gardiners Bay	39
Ripple	Patsy V. Raskob	Wm. M. Shehan	Eastern Shore	37
Nereid II	R. G. Smith	J. M. Winterbotham	Galveston Bay	37
Sparkler II	J. B. Cleary	Harry Graham	New Orleans Gulf	23
Seaward	Charles S. Kelley	R. H. Sumner	San Diego Bay	23
Cene	Charles R. Ross	Gary Hoeder	Puget Sound	18
La Tortue	Mrs. Bailey Balkan	John Norwood	Villefranche	14

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Universals tell their story every day on a thousand waters: They are powerful, economical, sparkling performers. They are gluttons for punishment, rarely require repairs — because they're honestly built. We know of plenty of ways we could make 'em cheaper, but none of improving them. *Ask for the facts.*

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Hyde Struts are made of the same *Hyde Bronze* as is used in Hyde Propellers. It is sufficiently ductile so that it does not shatter under impact and can be *straightened cold.* White Brass is used for lining in place of common babbitt, therefore the bearings and shafts live longer. Yes, Hyde Struts are worth more . . . but they don't cost more than other good struts.

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DEALERS EVERYWHERE CARRY AMPLE STOCKS

Two Hundred a Day

(*Continued from page 30*)

we began to fear that we should be becalmed before we had rejoined the westbound steamer lane, with whose northern edge we had slowly converged since leaving the vicinity of the Grand Banks. Suppose, having hung up a record for small craft, we should be becalmed for days and have nothing to show the incredulous world but a hectic burst of speed in the middle of a long crossing.

We wanted to convey our achievement to doubting Thomases while it was still hot and smoking, and there was no means at hand with which to do so. On the afternoon of June 27th we altered course sufficiently to make the golly draw and set it in place of the fore and fish. But so light had the wind become that even with this extra spread of cloth we logged only ten miles in three hours. At sundown there was a breath from the northwest, and as the sky looked squally we took in the golly and set the squaresail, jibbing to the port tack for the first time (with one four-hour exception) since saying farewell to Nantucket Lightship eleven days previously.

Under squaresail and others we carried on throughout the night, finding that it filled with the wind a point abaft the beam, not blanketing the guinea, which in a force two northwesterly still did yeoman service. The morning of the twenty-eighth saw us with the wind more in the west and the spinnaker set in place of the squaresail. So we fanned along until we reached the longitude at which in '28 *Pinta* met calm, followed by six days of easterly gale. At this climactic juncture the wind backed into the northeast. The coincidence, as I studied the track chart, was too much for me and at nightfall I turned in full of the gloomiest forebodings.

We had, however, had our wish and reported ourselves to a passing steamer. She, the *Europa*, tumbling half the Atlantic up her bow, had sighted our distinguishing flags and altered course to come within reading distance of them. We had barely time to haul down "MJQT" and hoist in its stead "UJ" (Please report us to *The Herald*) before she flashed past our beam and diminished in the west. But her answering pennant whipping from a triatic stay comfortingly assured us that friends at home would know our position on the morrow. Those ashore who cared to reckon from our position at the time of speaking the *Georgic* would find that we had covered more than 1600 miles in the eight-day interim. This was something, whatever the northeasterly might do to us.

I should have had better faith in our friend the wind. At midnight of the twenty-eighth it settled definitely in the north (but again with easting in it) and we continued to sail our course for Bishop Rock. The next day it piped up and from noon to noon we showed a flash of our old brilliance — 201 miles. Then it lightened and the best we could do (always with the wind a point or so forward of the beam) was a run of 120 miles. Trawlers and shore birds came in sight, and a Broadwayish procession of steamers overtook us for their landfall on the Bishop.

Never have I approached the land after a long passage under more perfect conditions for navigating. The sea was smooth and the sky almost cloudless. At evening twilight, for the first time since leaving home, the Pole Star gave me a shot for latitude. Crossing that with Arcturus, I was so sure of my position that I predicted the exact hour and place of our landfall. It worked out as to place — one point on the port bow — but the night was so clear that we saw the loom of Bishop Light two hours ahead of time. And the breeze fell so steadily that we sighted the light itself two hours behind. Three hours after that, at 5:23, G.C.T., of July 1st, we had the rock abeam six miles to port, and the oceanic portion of our passage was behind us. Fifteen days, 23 hours, and 31 minutes previously we had taken our departure from the Southwest Ledge bell buoy off Block Island. There are still steamers, even in these fast times, that occasionally use up sixteen days in a Transatlantic crossing.

In *Brilliant's* race against previous racers — the most exciting race I have ever sailed, for we had the positions of our "competitors" in plain sight on the track chart at all times — she was finally cheated by the breaks of the game. We had been shot with luck for more than two weeks and then for thirty hours we were perforated with bad luck. It took us that number of hours to drift less than a hundred miles from the Scillies to a point five miles outside Plymouth breakwater. We had hoped to sail from New York to Plymouth faster than *Dorade's* time of 17 days 1 hour from Newport to Plymouth. We were forced to be content with 17 days 18 hours from port to port, employing the motor for the last hour because we were tired of drifting on a bay entirely bereft of wind.

Let us, in order not to end on a despondent note, go back to that five-day run. *Brilliant* is not a racing shell. She is the most substantial home that I have ever cruised in, with heavy planking, heavier timbers, and the stoutest rigging. In the five days during which the wind gave what she wanted, she had negative assistance from the current. Two days it was with her, totaling four miles, three days the set was against her, totaling thirteen miles. In making good 1077 miles she logged 1086. The higher figure does not count and I only mention it to show that the miles she sailed, she *sailed*. In 118.4 hours, constituting five eastbound days, she averaged an hourly speed of 9.09 knots. I am so impressed with the showing that I wish to forsake my usual paths of dalliance and make a challengeable statement. Thanks to *Brilliant*, eight ancient mariners and one youth in his 'teens have sailed farther and faster in a 50-foot waterline vessel than any other yachtsmen. It is not only possible but probable that we shall carry that distinction to the grave.

\+ + +

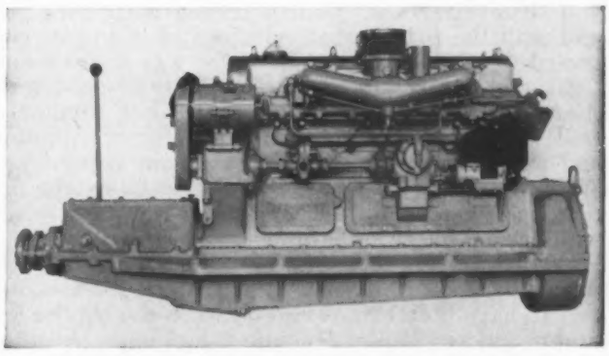
Daily Positions, Yacht *Brilliant*, City Island to Plymouth

	Latitude	*Longitude*	*Distance*
June 15	40–52	70–02	176
16	40–28	68–30	73
17	40–16	65–00	160
18	41–10	61–21	175
19	41–37	57–46	165
20	41–34	53–04	211
21	42–01	49–29	160
22	43–40	45–01	220
23	45–05	40–33	210
24	46–17	35–19	231
25	47–11	30–18	214
26	48–13	25–33	202
27	48–48	20–56	192
28	49–18	17–28	159
29	49–20	14–09	127
30	49–46	9–02	201
July 1	49–46	5–30	120
	To Plymouth		80
			3076

Start, City Island, June 14th, 16:10 G. C. T.
Nantucket Lightvessel abeam, June 16, 04:00 G. C. T.
Bishop Rock abeam, July 1, 05:23 G. C. T.
Arrive Plymouth, July 2, 10:15 G. C. T.
From City Island to Plymouth, 17 days, 18 hrs. 05 min.
From land to land, 15 days, 23 hrs. 31 min.
From Nantucket Light to Bishop Light, 15 days, 1 hr. 23 min.

The Whistler *sailed recently from New York on a two year's cruise of the South Pacific, a cruise which may continue on around the world.* Whistler *is a 61-foot schooner designed by William H. Hand, Jr., and built by Hodgdon Brothers. She carries a Hall-Scott* NAVIGATOR *engine with reduction gear.*

The Hall-Scott NAVIGATOR *is a six-cylinder engine of 100-110 horsepower. It is obtainable in right and left hand pairs for twin installations. Reduction gear ratios are 2:1, 3:1, 5:1 and 7:1. There is a Hall-Scott engine for nearly every type of boat, old or new. Easily installed, easily operated, and priced right. Your nearest Hall-Scott distributor will gladly help you solve your power problems.*



A Hall-Scott NAVIGATOR Cruises with *Whistler*

Panama... the Galapagos... Marquesas... Tuamoto... landfall at dawn, with the double peak of Orohena silver above Great Tahiti. Two long years of such roving—that's the cruise the *Whistler* has set forth upon. ★ ★ ★ ★ A cruise where shipyards and machine shops are far and few—very far, and very few.

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Operating a Small Diesel

(*Continued from page 56*)

heat of combustion away from the tip of the injector cup to the cooling water more readily than would the cast iron. Naturally, I made haste to acquire a set of the new heads by exchanging the old ones, and adding something to boot. The result was that I was able to get an injector cup service, without smoking, of some forty hours between cleanings. This period I considered fair, but not up to the hundred or so hours I had been led to expect and hope for, and which I was told others were getting. I admit, again, however, that I might have extended service by putting up with a smoky exhaust.

At the moment, I am trying out an improvement in injector design recently developed. The skipper of the *Amos Judd* tells me that he has had as much as five hundred hours of operation on a set of the same type without cleaning, but I noticed that his exhaust was smoking vilely as he passed me going out of the harbor. It may be that he is at the rear end of the five hundred hours!

So far, the new injectors are going strong, and give great promise. The engine responds to the throttle more readily, acceleration is more rapid, and the revolutions possible with maximum throttle setting are greater than with the old type injectors. Moreover, no smoke in the exhaust is discernible until well beyond the rated maximum speed of the engine — all of which is encouraging. There is no doubt, too, but that these new type injectors will effectually prevent dilution, which the old ones did not, and they should have no tendency to stick, due to being made without packing.

Reliability, too, has other meanings than just getting you there and back. With a broken connecting rod, and with the rod or what remained of it and its connected piston blocked up out of the way of the crankshaft, and the fuel lines to that cylinder by-passed, the *Amos Judd* completed (I had better say, fulfilled) a charter of some days, without difficulty or vibration, and none of the party knew of anything being amiss. When out of fuel, this same engine was brought into port on crankcase drainings strained through a towel, with new oil in the crankcase.

Off the coast of Labrador the *Ungava*, a big 85-foot schooner carrying an engine similar to *Stowaway's* is said to have been run on seal oil when the regular fuel supply ran out. I wonder how the exhaust looked — and smelled? Probably like an Eskimo.

In the matter of repairs, which come under the reliability score, I may well say that I have had none. With the exception of a reverse gear which developed a pounding in the second season and which was replaced by the manufacturer at no cost to me, the sole replacements have been in the way of washers, gaskets and the like, worn from the removal and replacement of injectors. I believe that fifteen dollars would cover the entire expenditure for the four seasons. The new cylinder heads I do not consider in the nature of repairs, but as an improvement. Similarly, the cost of the new injectors will go into the improvement account.

Much has been said of the complications of the Diesel engine, and though I understand the theory of operation thoroughly, I, too, shared the feeling of uneasiness on this score. As a matter of fact, the operation of a Diesel is no more difficult than that of any other type of internal combustion engine, and the adjustments are fewer. It has no carburetor and no ignition system to get out of adjustment for, at least on the engine I have, the valve adjustment and injector setting is all that is required, and these are all made from the same fly-wheel position for each cylinder. The requirements are simple — a wrench, a screw driver, your two hands.

Other than for the work just mentioned, I believe that any engine is better off in the hands of its owner if he will keep it clean, the parts in adjustment, and the necessary bolts and nuts tightly in place. Diesels are no exception to this suggestion. Don't leave it to George, the captain or the cook! Do it yourself!

On *Stowaway* the controls are extremely simple. One lever combines compression release and throttle, and this is located just to the right of the steering position. A similar lever is located at the left and combines the function of starting and charging switch, for with this engine the starting motor uses 24 volts, or two 12-volt batteries in series. But when acting as a generator, it charges at twelve volts only, with the batteries in parallel. The left hand lever actuates a drum control in the sequence necessary for the completion of the circuits. The center position is all circuits disconnected, the down position for starting, and the top position for running with the starting batteries on charge.

The instrument panel carries a tachometer giving the engine r.p.m.'s and pressure gauges for fuel and oil pressure, and a thermometer which gives the temperature of the cooling water circulating in the water jackets. These instruments, and in addition an ammeter, are duplicated in the engine room. The reverse control lever is the only control needed to handle the ship other than the wheel itself, and my wife handles the controls on *Stowaway* quite as easily as I do.

The figures covering the cost of opeation of *Stowaway's* engine were published in the February issue of YACHTING. I do not claim that my engine is the only Diesel which will perform as creditably, for there are doubtless others which will give equally good results. But these figures ought to be considered seriously in the selection of an engine for a cruiser.

Let me tell you that there is nothing like being able to fill the tanks without having to put out the fire in the galley stove, douse the lights, flip the cigar or cigarette overboard, and stuff the pipe in the jeans, ducks or dungarees — where it feels uncomfortably hot. There is nothing like the thrill you get from a softly purring engine which responds to your own hand and care, even at the expense of a dirty paw or two. There is nothing like being able to go and come, and be sure you will arrive at both ends.

\+ + +

Why Paint Your Boat in the Fall?

(*Continued from page 54*)

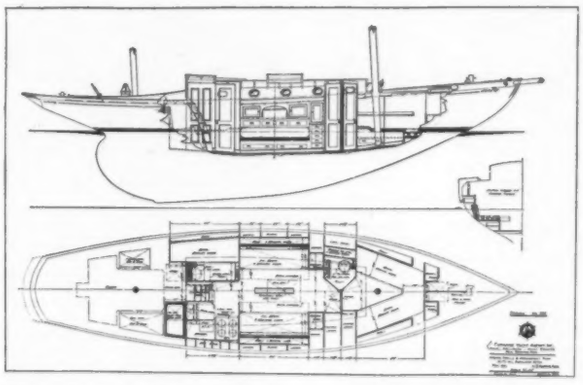
spring the surface which looked fairly good in the fall is in very bad shape, and probably the wood has "weathered," and become discolored, necessitating a complete scraping and refinishing job — at least three coats of varnish, and four or five are better.

All this grief is unnecessary. To avoid it, give all exterior bright work a good rub down and one coat of varnish just before the winter cover goes on. This fresh coat, which has not been exposed to the weather, will protect the bright work perfectly, so that in the spring a rub down and a single coat of varnish will put things in fine shape. Spars should be given similar treatment.

There are two other pertinent reasons why you should have your boat painted and varnished in the "off" season. First, it will cost less money — the yards will be glad to take the work at a reduced rate at a slack period, and keep their men working. Second, if you have any idea of selling your boat, her spick and span appearance proves to the prospective buyer that she has been well cared for, and has a tremendous psychological effect in the right direction — you will get back many times over what you paid for the work done in the fall.

MUSKETEER

- 45′ auxiliary ketch, designed by us for Demarest Lloyd, Esq., of Washington, D. C.
- Entered in Edgartown Regatta, New York Yacht Club Cruise, New Bedford Race Week, and several local races.
- Out of 10 starts *Musketeer* has won 7 firsts.
- Regarding the N.Y.Y.C. Newport to Vineyard Haven run won by *Musketeer*, a leading press correspondent says that "*Musketeer's* performance was really the outstanding one of the day. The Cruiser class is no soft spot to win in, and such a beating as Mr. Lloyd gave them today has seldom been administered over this course in any class on any cruise."



- Regarding the yacht, Mr. Lloyd states that "she is the most satisfactory yacht I have ever owned."

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THERE ARE 3 GOOD REASONS *why*

The White Eagle II, powered by a Murray & Tregurtha M-0-6 fuel oil engine.

Built by the Ernest Fiedler Boatyard, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PARTY FISHING BOAT OWNERS ARE INTERESTED IN MURRAY & TREGURTHA FUEL OIL ENGINES • • •

1. Their light weight permits added speed in getting parties to and from the fishing grounds.
2. There is a lack of vibration usually found in other engines operating on fuel oil.
3. There is an absence of the odor of fuel oil, prevalent on boats powered with Diesel engines.

And, of course, Murray & Tregurtha fuel oil engines are SAFE — gasoline has been entirely eliminated. The party fishing boat, White Eagle II, is owned and operated by Capt. Conrad Rank of Canarsie, Long Island. It is of heavy construction, 48′ x 13′ x 3′ 2″ and makes 13½ miles per hour. The engine is a Murray & Tregurtha M-0-6 operating on fuel oil and equipped with the Shore carburetor-manifold system.

Distributor for New York District, F. Benjamin Sexton, 125 Lafayette St., New York City.

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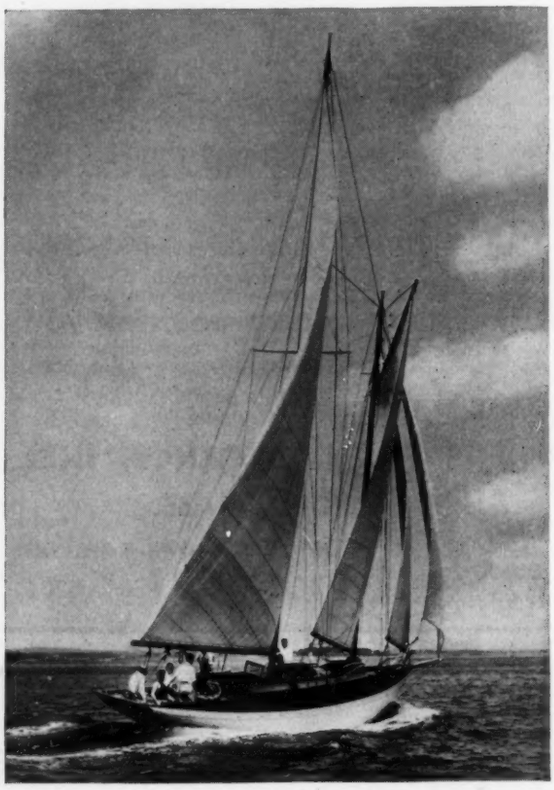

"Sonny" as built by Jacob

Our interest is in fine yachts. They give as much satisfaction to us as to their owners. We believe in the economy of excellent materials and best construction. Jacob's workmen are craftsmen who share with us the pride of good work well done.

If you lay up your yacht with us let us remind you that repair and alteration work should be ordered now. Yard work, alteration and repair, is less costly if done now than if delayed until the spring rush.

ROBERT JACOB, INC.

CITY ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY

STORAGE REPAIRS

Marblehead's 1933 Race Week

(*Continued from page 48*)

seconds, and a third against Robert Leeson's *Amethyst*. The standing here was *Gypsy* .857, *Amethyst* .738, *Decima* .527, *Ellen* .524, *Armida* .476, and *Au Revoir* (ex-*Sasqua*) .334.

The Lipton Cup for the 30-Square-Metres was decided on points, with the five leaders of the 12 boats separated by just seven points. The first leg on the cup went to Alfred E. Chase's *Michl V* with 66, as against *Brilliant's* 65, *Gem's* 64, *Starling's* 61, and *Sunflower's* 59.

Much more might be written of a splendid Race Week on Massachusetts Bay's North Shore, but space does not permit.

The trophy winners by classes follow:

Class	*Eastern*	*Pleon*	*Boston*	*Corinthian*
25 Rating, Class Q	*Robin*	.....	*Robin*	*Bat*
International 8-Metres	*Decima*	.....	*Amethyst*	*Gypsy*
30-Square-Metres	*Starling*	.....	*Michl V*	*Brilliant*
20 Rating, Class R	*Stranger*	.....	*Geflon*	*Stranger*
Class I, 18-Footers	*Onward II*	.....	*Sally*	*Oriental*
Class K, Sonders	*Tern*	.....	*Tern*	*Skeezix*
22-Square-Metres	*Dodo II*	*Dodo II*	*Win-D-Peg*	tie
Herreshoff Class S	*Woodcock*	*Woodcock*	*Venture*	*Curlew*
Triangle Class	*Barbara*	*Injun*	*Periwinkle*	*Vagus*
M-B Knockabouts	*Sunbeam*	*Comet*	*Hapi*	*Navigo*
Class T	*Sea Beast II*	*Ilex*	*Bandit*	*Sea Beast II*
Cohasset 17-Footers	*Jinx*	*Sourire*	*Avis*	*Shooting Star*
Cottage Park 15's	*Sally*	*Geraldine*	*Geraldine*	*Geraldine*
International Stars	*Ibex*	.....	*Sans Souci*	*Sans Souci*
Indian Class	*Pelican II*	*Sachem*	*Blackhawk*	tie
Massachusetts Bay 15's	*Merlin*	*Merlin*	*Merlin*	tie
Sandy Bay 15's	*Bobeno*	.....	*Bobeno*	*Bobeno*
Winthrop Hustlers	*Hupset*	*Hupset*	*Huskie*	*Hupset*
Class O, 15-Footers	*Debutante*	*Debutante*	*Debutante*	*Debutante*
Quincy Catboats	*Dorothy*	*Dorothy*	*Pal*	*Dorothy*
Bird Class	tie	.....	*Avis*	*Canvasback*
Cottage Park Coots	*Corsair*	.....	*Corsair*	*Corsair*
Manchester 15's	*Whoopee*	*Whoopee*	*Dunt Esk*	*Hot Foot*
Yankee Dories	tie	*Nancy*	*Louise*	*Louise*
Fish Class	*Redfish*	*Sea Horse*	*Sailfish*	*Redfish*
Annisquam Cats	*Caterpillar*	*Caterpillar*	*Caterpillar*	*Caterpillar*
Cape Cod Knockabouts	*Toureg*	*Swan*	*Toureg*	*Maryland*
Medford Baby Stars	*Gadget*	.....	*Gadget*	*Skippy*
Snipe Class	*Shadow*	*Shadow*	*Shadow*	*Shadow*
Lancasters	*Lu-C-D*	.....	*Lu-C-D*	*Hot-Cha*
Brutal Beast Class				
First Division	*Katydid*	*Snap*	*Snap*	*Snap*
Second Division	*Dixit*	*Dixit*	*Dixit*	*Dixit*
Third Division	*Sea Bat*	*Humbug*	*Lickerty Cut*	*Dandylion*
Fourth Division	*American Boy*	*Tautog*	*American Boy*	*American Boy*

\+ + +

New York Yacht Club Has Foggy Cruise

(*Continued from page 34*)

in order, it being after ten o'clock when the last of the fleet crept past Fort Adams into crowded Newport harbor.

The Astor Cup event the next day brought eleven sloops to the line in cloudy, easterly weather, and only one schooner, the *Mary Rose*. Without a competitor, *Mary Rose* did not start. But the sloops had a great array of racing talent aboard, including Harold Vanderbilt, Clifford Mallory, George Nichols, Dick Boardman, Jack Parkinson, and others sailing on the Cup boats. But even this phalanx could not stop *Iris*, and young Olin Stephens and Drake Sparkman sailed the Twelve-Metre to perfection, saving their time on *Vanitie*, to win by a matter of seconds over the 37½-mile lightship course. The little Eight-Metre, *Jig Time*, might have done even better had she been properly entered and her time taken.

The run up Vineyard Sound the next afternoon was one of the high spots of the cruise. A fresh southwester allowed spinnakers and ballooners to be carried as the fleet tore up the 20 miles of windflecked water between the Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands, making a picture that the residents of the former island (they were all out in small boats or on the shore) will long remember.

After a Sunday of rest and recreation, spent chiefly at the Edgartown Yacht Club, the long run around the Cape was started in rain and fog at seven-thirty the

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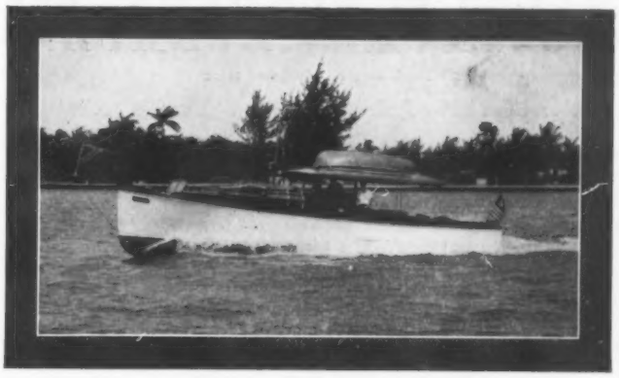

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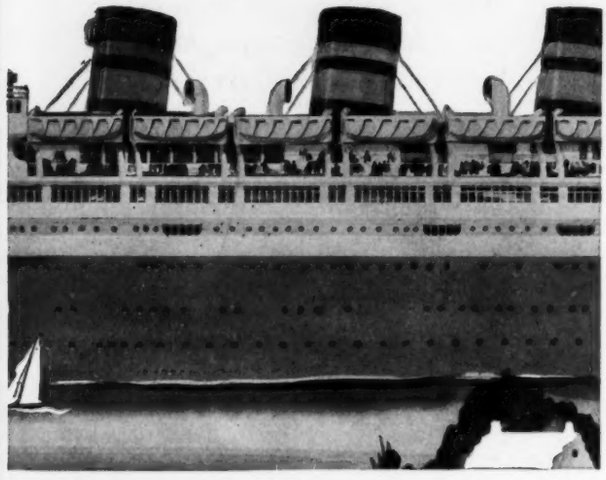

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next morning. The fog persisted on the run over the treacherous shoals, but all the yachts got by safely and turned the corner for the run up the back side of the Cape. *Vanitie* held the lead at the corner, but while she went offshore, *Weetamoe's* skipper craftily worked the beach in a head wind to such good advantage that she led by an hour at the finish. It was not until daylight that the stragglers of the fleet of 21 sail crossed the finish line.

The cruising division numbered some third of the whole racing fleet during the cruise and furnished excellent sport. After the second run the cruisers were divided into two classes, one for schooners, and one for sloops and yawls, which satisfied all hands much better. In these classes the winnings were more evenly divided than in the racing division. The new schooner *Savannah*, designed by Francis Sweisguth and owned by Frederick C. Rogers, did exceedingly well, winning two races and finishing well up in most of the others. D. Spencer Berger's *Mandoo* also took two events, while A. L. Loomis's *Volante* and Demarest Lloyd's *Musketeer* divided the other two. *Vixen* was always there, or thereabouts, in the sloop class.

The King's Cup was sailed for off Newport on the last day of the cruise, August 19th. The fog still persisted and for the most part the race was sailed without the three competitors, *Vanitie*, *Weetamoe* and Frank Paine's *Shimna*, seeing each other over most of the 37½-mile course. The former won, as has already been told.

And so, in spite of fog, rain and light breezes, the 1933 annual cruise upset the adage that the weather *makes* a successful cruise.

\+ + +

Diesel Installation in Moderate Sizes

(Continued from page 36)

we find the Diesel-equipped cruiser consuming about $1.82 per hour, or 13 cents per mile, against $6.80 per hour, or about 49 cents per mile for gasoline power.

These figures show plainly that Diesel power cuts the fuel cost to about one-fourth. When, as in larger cruisers, Diesel generators are also installed, we have a considerable further saving in fuel.

The maintenance cost and durability of the modern high speed Diesel is a point on which we do not as yet have reliable data, but my experience so far has been that, barring breakdowns, practically the same amount of seasonal overhauling is necessary for both types of motors.

The operation of larger Diesel motors is no more difficult than is the operation of a large gasoline engine. In the Diesel engine, carburetors, spark plugs, magnetos, etc., are eliminated, but to offset these simplifications we have a combination of fuel pumps and spray nozzles. When it is considered that the amount of fuel injected into each cylinder is the only means of varying speed and power, it stands to reason that, particularly in the smaller engines, even distribution of fuel to each cylinder at different speeds is one of the greatest difficulties in securing continuous operation of the Diesel engine. The smaller the engine the more difficult is this problem.

The comforts of cruising depend considerably on the smooth performance of the power plant. The up-to-date gasoline motor, properly installed in a well constructed hull, will, as we all know, run without undue vibration or noise at full, half, or slow speeds. For running through inland waterways and in shallow water, smoothness under reduced speed is necessary, and the gasoline motor has, on this score, some advantages, as the low compression and mechanically controlled ignition at all speeds is sure to give smoother performance.

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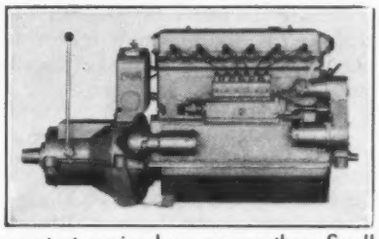

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All that the name implies, Richardson "Little Giant" has larger accommodations in 22½ ft. length and 7½ ft. beam than can be found on many cruisers eight to ten feet longer and built a few years ago. The cabin (a deckhouse during the day) has more than 6 ft. headroom, two berths, stove, sink, locker, seat and controls for the wheelsman and a toilet room beneath the forward deck. The cockpit has a large seat and enough floor space for four or five folding yacht chairs. "Little Giant" has an economical speed of 15 M.P.H. when powered with a Gray Model C-4.

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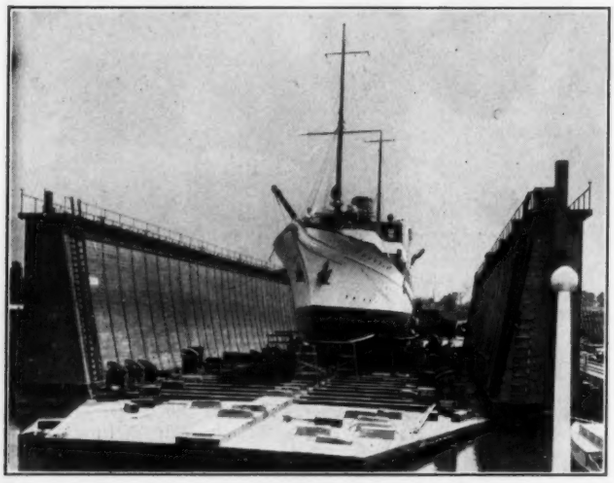

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Summing up, the Diesel engine today is so well developed that every yachtsman contemplating a new cruiser or repowering an old one cannot afford to ignore its many advantages. And it remains for the yachtsman to do his share in following out the motor manufacturers' successful shop and test-stand runs by giving the Diesel motor a thorough service test under adverse conditions, from which the final verdict will be forthcoming. With this coöperation we shall soon see the perfection of compact, powerful, high speed, reasonably priced Diesel motors, in both two- and four-cycle types, straight drive for fast boats, and reduction gear for heavy and slower boats.

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Harmsworth Cup Stays at Detroit

(*Continued from page 26*)

having his troubles with the new No. *IX*, whose engine was far from being in that perfect state necessary to win a Gold Cup race. He was forced to quit on the fourth round when the oil pressure failed, hardly getting a run for his money. The winner's speed was 60.315 m.p.h.

With only three boats left, and the race his, barring a breakdown, George Reis played conservatively and let *Delphine IV* make the pace, being content to take it easy. To win the cup it was necessary only that he finish. So while Horn went after the race record and did better than 60 m.p.h., *El Lagarto* loafed over the thirty miles at a 47-mile gait, to finish second after *Delphine VII* was slowed down by engine trouble. *Delphine IX* started the heat but was again forced to quit, this time on the third lap.

So the Gold Cup goes to Lake George, where it was once before held and where it was raced for in 1914, at the very time the Great War was getting under way in Europe. By running the last heat at such a furious pace, Horn, in *Delphine IV*, made a new record for the three heats, his speed being 60.277 miles for the 90 miles, the old record being 57.77.

Dodge Trophy Race

On September 3rd, while the International pair were preparing for their next race, the Dodge Memorial Trophy was raced for on the Detroit River. Only three boats started, and it was a sad affair. Horn drove *Delphine IV* and Horace Dodge was at the wheel of No. *VII*. He had discarded the *IX* after her showing in the Gold Cup event. *Hotsy Totsy* started but she might as well have stayed in her boat house, which she did for the third heat of 25 miles. *Delphine IV* was undoubtedly "pulled" in the first heat to let her team mate, *VII*, win. In the next heat Horn cut loose just to show what his boat could do, and won in the fastest time of the race. For the last heat he lay back and let *Delphine VII* take the race by 13 seconds, and the Cup. Not very thrilling! *El Lagarto*, Gold Cup winner, did not start as her engine had been taken down after the race of Friday to see if it fitted Gold Cup requirements. By whose orders this was done is still in dispute. However, she was kept out of the Dodge Memorial affair.

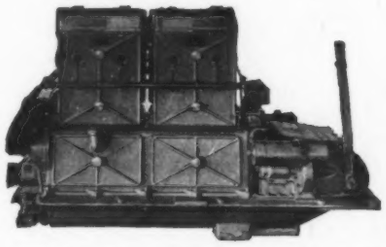
In between these heats a fine race for the little 16-foot one-design Dodge runabouts was run. Eight starters came to the line and everyone who started knew he had been in a race. So keen was the competition that there was a dead heat for first place between Donald Utz, of Port Washington, and L. H. Thompson, Jr., of Grosse Point. Each driver did the ten miles in 26:42:07 or at the rate of 22.471 m.p.h. Which is *some* fast for a 16-foot lapstrake runabout. And what is more, all finished.

Murray & Tregurtha Fuel Oil Engines

Murray & Tregurtha fuel oil engines are not of the Diesel type. They are similar in every respect to standard gasoline engines, with the exception of the processing equipment. This is a very desirable feature, as any person who is competent to operate and service a gasoline engine will have no trouble with the Murray & Tregurtha fuel oil engines.

The Shore carburetor-manifold equipment is of novel design which insures thorough processing of the fuel oil before entering the cylinders. It is simple and durable in construction and requires no more attention than the regular gasoline carburetor.

The engines are started and handled in the same way as the standard gasoline engine. The fuel oil is broken up into a fine fog and mixed with air by the carburetor units. In these units the fuel is broken up to a much finer degree than is possible with the conventional type of carburetor. As this extremely fine mixture of fuel oil and air passes through the heated intake manifold to the cylinders it is further vaporized — to a degree sufficient to insure complete burning.



A 65 h.p. Murray & Tregurtha Fuel Oil Engine

The Shore carburetor-manifold equipment is available on Murray & Tregurtha engines of the heavy, medium duty, and high speed types. The compression ratios of the engines are approximately the same as for gasoline engines of the same power and speed. For operating on Safe-T-Esso, the new hydrogenated safety fuel made by the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, a much higher compression ratio is used.

\+ + +

The Johnson Outboard Service Manual

A long-felt need of the outboard motor service man has finally been filled by the publication of a complete manual covering every phase of operation, maintenance, and repair of all Johnson outboard motors built since 1921. The manual, published by the Johnson Motor Company and edited by W. M. Conover, is profusely illustrated with cuts and detailed drawings of all outboard motor parts. It is not an instruction book, but is strictly a service manual for the shopman.

The manual is attractively bound, and provision is made for adding loose leaf pages so that the manual may be kept up to date by the addition of information on new models as they come out from year to year. Further information about this complete outboard motor handbook may be obtained by writing to the Johnson Motor Company, Waukegan, Ill.

Barbasol

"THE EARLY BIRD GETS WISE"

YOU'D BETTER HURRY YOU'RE TEN MINUTES LATE ALREADY
ALRIGHT DON'T GET EXCITED - I DON'T HAVE TO GET UP SO EARLY
I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY NOT!
BECAUSE I BOUGHT SOME BARBASOL
JOHN T. WHISKERS WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT ?
BARBASOL YOU CAN SHAVE QUICKER WITH IT BECAUSE THERE'S NO BRUSH - NO LATHER - NO RUB-IN
HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S SO GOOD
ALL THE BOYS AT THE OFFICE USE IT - IT'S GREAT STUFF - ZIP RIGHT OFF
BARBASOL, BARBASOL DAH-DE-DAH - DE DAH-DAH
Hal Stephen

SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER! Use Barbasol for the quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shave you've ever had. Do away with all the old fuss and muss, the harsh, biting alkalis that torture a tender skin. Barbasol holds the whiskers erect so the razor can slice 'em off clean and quick, without a pull or a scrape. Leaves the natural oil in the skin, protects it from sun- and wind-burn, keeps the face soft and smooth. Get a tube today. Use it this way: **1.** Wash your face and leave it wet. **2.** Smooth on Barbasol (no vigorous rubbing needed). **3.** Wet your razor and SHAVE! That's all—and what a shave! Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, or large jar, 75¢.

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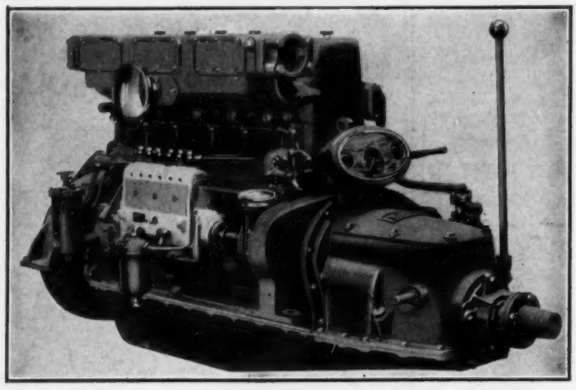

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Not until Buda introduced the 6-DM-415 has the owner of the small boat, the small cruiser or work boat, had such an opportunity for a reduction in fire hazards, increased cruising range and low cost operation. These were advantages that heretofore only large boat owners could enjoy.

Here is a full Diesel engine that weighs only 17 lbs. per H.P. with all the features that have made the large Buda Diesels so popular. It has 6 cylinders, develops 85 H.P., is electrically started and can be had with or without reduction gear. Add to this the Shock Absorber Head — an exclusive Buda feature that softens the shocks and assures clean quiet combustion and smokeless exhaust.

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THE BUDA COMPANY
HARVEY (Chicago Suburb) ILLINOIS
30 Church Street, New York

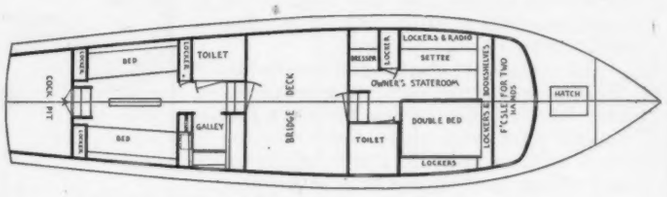
BUDA MARINE ENGINES
DIESEL OR GASOLINE

Going Modern

(*Continued from page 31*)

fitted as desired — as lockers for small personal gear, a radio, or steward's supplies. The generously proportioned double bed and the settee are upholstered in a serviceable fabric of appropriate design. There is stowage space below each. Abaft the settee is a full length locker. A large toilet, and a dressing table with glass top and a hinged metal stool complete the fittings of the cabin.

A suggested color scheme for this stateroom, suitable to the construction, is white overhead, two shades of



Interior accommodation plan of 45-foot power cruiser

blue on all the woodwork, and black linoleum, with a white border, on the floor. The upholstery fabric is in various shades of dull red. Small pictures matted and framed in white, arranged as shown in the drawings, complete the air of crispness. Black or red leather cushions on the settee also provide an agreeable note.

The after stateroom, fitted with this simple type of construction and employing a similar economy of space, would give to the other persons on board an equal degree of comfort. It is the primary aim of these designs to provide a maximum of comfort below with no suggestion of stuffiness or crowding. A functional use of space discreetly rendered has an attractiveness which is enjoying a fast-growing appreciation. Small pleasure craft of any description, with their unique space limitations and requirements for seaworthiness, are ideal for designs of this type.

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Diesels for the Smaller Fry

(*Continued from page 50*)

pressure. And carelessness in its handling may be fatal. A number of years ago, when it was proposed to replace the worn-out steam engines in certain Naval Militia launches with motors, the senior engineer officer, a man with a long seagoing experience in charge of steam engines, set his face firmly against it. When pressed for his real reason, after an able presentation of all the facts in its favor, he said: "No matter what you do, you cannot guard against the stupidity of the squarehead." Stupidity, carelessness, even a momentary lack of thought, is assuredly the cause of many accidents. Think over the explosions and fires of the last few years.

With the Diesel, burning furnace oil or similar fuel, fire hazard is reduced to a minimum and with it the insurance rates are lowered. However, care in handling the oil is necessary, for under certain conditions its more volatile elements may separate. It should not be allowed to soak into the timbers of a wooden boat, as its odor may be offensive. Fuel economy is increased materially. Whether the saving on fuel cost will offset the interest on the increased investment in a more costly motor will depend on the amount of running done by the boat. Probably the saving will be worth while over a term of years, particularly with some of the newest models that have come on the market.